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SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

A Special SR Science Report

THE STRUGGLE FOR CONTROL OF DRUG PRESCRIPTIONS

By John Lear

IN THE JUNGLE RUINS OF ANGKOR

With Horace Sutton

THE TWIST: BRAVE NEW WHIRL

By Marshall Fishwick

SRB12457-1 305-356
MRS ELLA B GROVES
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COLLEGE PLACE WASH

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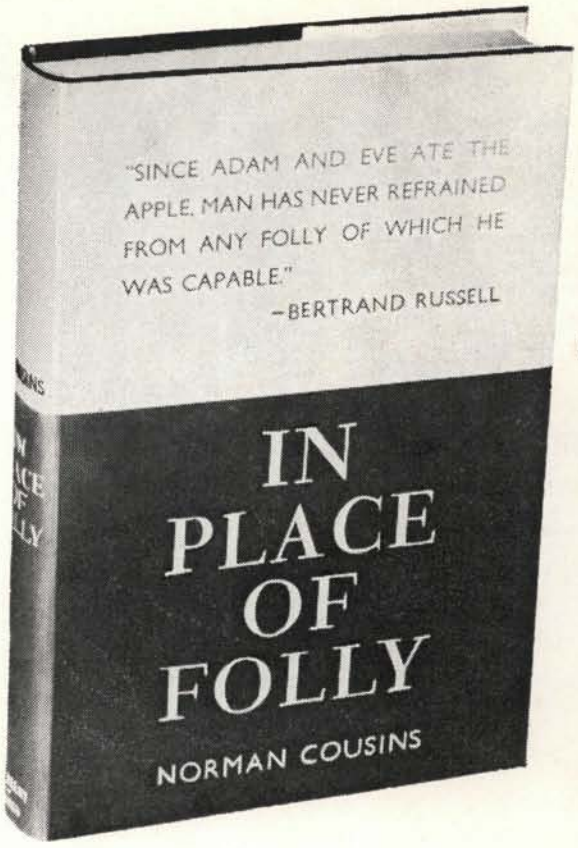
World peace or nuclear war?

A statement of the case for sanity

In PLACE of Folly

By NORMAN COUSINS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—BERTRAND RUSSELL
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NORMAN COUSINS

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WHICH OF THESE LEADING CONTENDERS WILL WIN THE 1962 NATIONAL BOOK AWARDS?

From the hundreds of eligible books published last year, judges for the 1962 National Book Awards have narrowed their field of choice to the following leading contenders:

FICTION

JUDGES LEWIS GANNETT, HERBERT GOLD AND JEAN STAFFORD ARE CONSIDERING:

Hortense Calisher, *False Entry (Little, Brown)* / George P. Eliot, *Among the Dangs (Holt, Rinehart & Winston)* / Joseph Heller, *Catch-22 (Simon & Schuster)* / Bernard Malamud, *A New Life (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy)* / William Maxwell, *The Chateau (Knopf)* / Walker Percy, *The Movie Goer (Knopf)* / J. D. Salinger, *Franny and Zooey (Little, Brown)* / Isaac Singer, *The Spinoza of Market Street (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy)* / Edward Lewis Wallant, *The Pawnbroker (Harcourt, Brace & World)* / Joan Williams, *The Morning and the Evening (Atheneum)* / Richard Yates, *Revolutionary Road (Little, Brown)*

NON-FICTION

JUDGES LOREN EISELEY, AUGUST HECKSHER AND LOUIS B. WRIGHT ARE CONSIDERING:

Robert Ardrey, *African Genesis (Atheneum)* / James Baldwin, *Nobody Knows My Name (Dial)* / Stringfellow Barr, *The Will of Zeus (Lippincott)* / John Burchard and Albert Bush-Brown, *The Architecture of America (Little, Brown)* / Rene Dubos, *The Dreams of Reason (Columbia)* / Jane Jacobs, *The Death and Life of Great American Cities (Random House)* / Oscar Lewis, *The Children of Sanchez (Random House)* / Lewis Mumford, *The City in History (Harcourt, Brace & World)* / Virgilia Peterson, *A Matter of Life and Death (Atheneum)* / Mark Schorer, *Sinclair Lewis: An American Life (McGraw-Hill)* / Elizabeth Stevenson, *Lafcadio Hearn (Macmillan)* / Theodore H. White, *The Making of the President (Atheneum)* / Ola Elizabeth Winslow, *John Bunyan (Macmillan)*

POETRY

JUDGES LEONIE ADAMS, MARK VAN DOREN AND WILLIAM JAY SMITH ARE CONSIDERING:

Robert Bagg, *Madonna of the Cello (Wesleyan)* / Philip Booth, *The Islanders (Viking)* / John Ciardi, *In the Stoneworks (Rutgers)* / H. D., *Helen in Egypt (Grove)* / Reuel Denney, *In Praise of Adam (Chicago)* / Alan Dugan, *Poems (Yale)* / Abbie Huston Evans, *Facts of Crystal (Harcourt, Brace & World)* / Isabella Gardner, *The Looking Glass (Chicago)* / Horace Gregory, *Medusa in Gramercy Park (Macmillan)* / John Holmes, *The Fortune Teller (Harper)* / Denise Levertov, *Jacob's Ladder (New Directions)* / Ned O'Gorman, *Adam Before His Mirror (Harcourt, Brace & World)* / John Hall Wheelock, *The Gardener and Other Poems (Scribner)*

The National Book Awards consist of three prizes of $1,000 each. They are presented annually for three books which panels of judges consider the most distinguished books of fiction, of non-fiction and of poetry written by American citizens and published in the U. S. in the preceding year. The prizes are donated by the sponsors, the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, and the Book Manufacturers Institute. The National Book Awards are administered by the National Book Committee, a non-profit educational association.

WATCH FOR THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE WINNERS TUESDAY, MARCH 13

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ILLUMINATED GLOBE: Coal deposits and bank deposits, oil fields and wheat fields, the white mountains and the yellow race—this was once geography. Today we can see geography in the faces and feelings of people. Television programs on man and his environment range from "Report on Cambodia" to "America's Continuing Revolution"... from "Firewalkers of Fiji" to "The Land: The American Farm." (See listing at right.) Bringing people to people—with other sights, other sounds, other ways of life—television journalism has won high regard for its intimacy and reliability.* Its cameras turn each hemisphere into the light side of the earth and carry promise of a closer human family.

**A recent Elmo Roper nationwide survey reveals that, given conflicting accounts of the same event, 39 per cent of adults would be most inclined to believe the television report, compared to 24 per cent for the newspaper version.*

Television Information Office,
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March . . . Some Television Programs of Special Interest

America's Continuing Revolution
Symposium on our society in transition.
Thursday, March 1 (10-11 PM)

Of This Time, Of That Place
Burt Brinckerhoff as a gifted student in a struggle for emotional rehabilitation.
Tuesday, March 6 (10-11 PM)

Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic
Bizet's *Carmen* in the original version.
Sunday, March 11 (5-6:30 PM)

The Prince and the Pauper
Walt Disney's adaptation from Mark Twain.
Sun's, March 11, 18, 25 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Behind the Walls of Kano
Traditions of a walled Nigerian city.
Monday, March 12 (7-7:30 PM)

The Land
The American farm: problem and promise.
Tuesday, March 13 (10-11 PM)

Alcoholism
Documentary drama on a major social problem.
Wednesday, March 14 (10-11 PM)

Cops 'n' Robbers
Edward G. Robinson narrates impressions from the annals of American crime.
Sunday, March 18 (10-11 PM)

Cavalleria Rusticana
Mascagni's opera. In English.
Sunday, March 25 (3:30-4:40 PM)

The Business of Defense
Sunday, March 25 (10-11 PM)

Firewalkers of Fiji
Firewalking ritual and ceremonial fishing rites.
Monday, March 26 (7-7:30 PM)

Young People's Concert
Three works by Stravinsky.
Monday, March 26 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Report on Cambodia
Tuesday, March 27 (10-11 PM)

The Teen-Aged Narcotics Addict
Wednesday, March 28 (10-11 PM)

Regularly Scheduled

Mon.-Fri.	CONTINENTAL CLASSROOM Probability and Statistics American Government COLLEGE OF THE AIR The New Biology
Mondays:	EXPEDITION!
Wednesdays:	HOWARD K. SMITH— NEWS AND COMMENT DAVID BRINKLEY'S JOURNAL
Thursdays:	CBS REPORTS
Fridays:	EYEWITNESS CHET HUNTLEY REPORTING
Saturdays:	CHAMPIONSHIP DEBATE ACCENT ASK WASHINGTON
Sundays:	CAMERA THREE WASHINGTON CONVERSATION MEET THE PROFESSOR DIRECTIONS '62 ADLAI STEVENSON REPORTS/ EDITOR'S CHOICE ISSUES AND ANSWERS UPDATE COLLEGE BOWL THE TWENTIETH CENTURY MEET THE PRESS 1, 2, 3—GO! WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR

Note: Times (*EST*), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

Television Information Office
666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y.

FIRST OF THE MONTH

By CLEVELAND AMORY

LAST MONTH the country saw, among other things, a new national newspaper—the *National Observer*—one put out in Washington by the Dow Jones Company of *Wall Street Journal* fame. It's the best-looking paper we've seen in a long time—it is surprising how "new" nowadays a good old-fashioned look can be—and the first issues were not only interesting in their coverage but, with the one exception of the editorials (the let's-have-a-pragmatic-approach-to-the-U.N. sort of thing), were a large improvement on their New York parent. Indeed, the *Wall Street Journal* has been, in recent years, in our opinion, an almost incredibly overpraised newspaper. Objectively speaking (which it itself, incidentally, rarely is—except objectionably), it is long on thinly documented features, far-right reviews, and fuss-budget editorials, and short on coverage—notably the over-the-counter market—even in its own field. All in all, the *Observer* was a welcome change.

• • •

Last month, too, the country had, on the political scene, a new national figure—George Romney—one who was doubly welcome. For one thing, it was reassuring to learn that the GOP had not decided to wait, to build up somebody, until 1963¾. For another, Romney bids fair to establish another landmark toward laying the ghost of religious discrimination. As a practicing Mormon, he is not only a member of a real minority religion—one with less than 2,000,000 members altogether; he is also a member of undoubtedly the most persecuted religion in American history.

This fact, when we interviewed Mr. Romney in Michigan, he freely discussed. "My teaching teaches me," he told us (and we liked him already), "that I have all the greater responsibility to help those who are suffering discrimination. Many people don't think of us as Christians at all. We are, of course. But we believe our principal purpose is to witness to others the divine mission of Jesus Christ and the divine responsibility of the House of Israel, of which the Jews are one segment and the Mormons are another. I know discrimination firsthand, and I and my company have fought it everywhere—in housing, in civil rights, and everywhere else. Now they're making something of the fact that my religion does not permit Negroes in our priesthood. I will fight this too, if necessary. Superficially this appears to be discrimination. Actually it is not. There is nothing discriminatory in our beliefs. In the Book of Mormon, which we accept as Scripture in addition to the Bible, but not in any sense replacing it—in fact fulfilling it—it says in Nephi, 22nd Chapter, 33rd Verse: 'And He [the Lord] denieth none that come unto Him, black or white, bond or free, male or female; and He remembereth the heathen and all are like unto God, both Jew and Gentile.'"

• • •

On the cybernation front, the telephone company scaled new peaks in modern horrors—it now takes ten numbers of their beloved "direct dialing" to reach, for an out-of-town call, just "Information." (Apparently no "Information" is permitted to keep more than any one telephone book in any one office.) As if this weren't bad enough, at the offices of the Chicago *Tribune* the company thought up a whole new system, called "Centrex"—one which not only involves the direct dialing of everything but has the added feature of placing practically anybody incommunicado.

• • •

On the literary front our least favorite quote of the month was from Mrs. Marcelline Hemingway Sanford, sister of Ernest. "I never wanted anything I wrote about Ernest to sound like a biography," she said. "If he had wanted a biography, he would have written one." Somehow it reminded us of an occasion when we were "assisting" a lady, who shall be nameless, with her so-called memoirs—at a time when we had begun to entertain the suspicion that the difference between biography and autobiography was not wholly clear in her mind. Accordingly, one day, we gently asked her. "A biography," she said firmly, "is about a living person. An autobiography is about a dead person."

• • •

There was also, however, a literary landmark during the month—and, of all places, on TV. It happened when writer Sanford Sheldon, of the "Today" show, arranged for a first novelist, New York cab driver Edward Adler, author of "Notes from a Dark Street," to have,

(*Continued on page 47*)

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Sitting pretty in the Pink City

This is the way to see Jaipur—from a golden howdah atop a painted elephant.

From New York, you can take a jet to Delhi, an air-conditioned train or chauffeur-driven car to Jaipur, but once in Jaipur, choose a maharajah's palace for your hotel, and an elephant to see the sights. Just as his ancestors have borne Rajput princes, so will "Hathi" take you up the winding hillside road to Fort Amber.

You will literally see the world below through rose-colored glasses. For all Jaipur is sculptured from soft pink sandstone. Visitors affectionately call it the Pink City. Architects call it the most beautiful city in the world. Its people will recount to you romantic tales of chivalry of the proud Rajputs who chose to die in defense of their honor.

When you can bring yourself to leave Jaipur, fly south to Udaipur with its floating palaces, to Mount Abu with its marble temples, south to cosmopolitan Bombay.

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Tourist Office

TRADE Winds

IT LOOKS AS IF sex is here to stay, and at a pretty stiff price, too. The new quarterly *Eros* is yours for the asking, plus $10 per copy. It's a lavish production, full of classical references and art, and will likely become known as

the *American Heritage* of the bedroom. A promotion piece calls it "*the* magazine of sexual candor." On the outside of the envelope announcing the voluptuous project is the caption "An Offering to You from the God of Love." It will carry no advertising, not even for love potions.

HOWEVER, from the volume of mail we've received about onomatopoetic associations, it looks as if etymology could outrank sex any day. It all started with the observation that many words beginning with the consonants *sn* seemed to be related to the nose (sneeze, sniff, snore, etc.). Now, thanks to TRADE WINDS readers, we have enough sound-meaning associations to fill a good-sized dictionary (many readers independently noted that thinking up new associations was the perfect cure for insomnia). Among the most popular were the associations with words beginning with *gl* (glare, glitter, glint, glow, etc.), indicating brightness or light. But at the same time, one correspondent wrote that words beginning with the same consonants indicated just the opposite (glum, gloom, glower). For one reader (there are too many to mention individually, but all their letters will be acknowledged), words beginning with *sh* indicate motion (shake, shimmy, shrug, shudder); for another, the same consonants mean repression (shut, shunt, shelve). *Qu* seems to mean subdued to some readers (quash, quiet, quell) and uneasy to one (quake, quail, quaver). But many agreed that the letter *l* takes us right back to sex again: lewd, licentious, lascivious, lecherous, libertine, lustful, libidinous. Even an eighth-grade class, of all things, landed on this association. Several respondents took exception to associating words beginning with *fl* with graceful, light movement (flowing, fluid, flying). They looked at it in just the opposite way (flop, flank, flat). And one professor notes that he has proof that words such as this have nothing whatever to do with graceful movement.

"For 318 of our first semester students in English composition," he writes, "the initial gambit of *fl* connotes something remote from this meaning. They *fl*unked."

FROM PENGUIN'S NEW "Dictionary of Quotations," you can learn many things. In case you've ever wondered who said all those famous lines that keep coming up in conversation, this is where you can find out. "My country 'tis of thee" was the lyrical statement of the Reverend Samuel F. Smith (1808-95). "A whale ship was my Yale College and my Harvard" was the statement of Herman Melville. But the famous "I must get out of these wet clothes and into a dry martini" was *not* said by Robert Benchley, as is commonly thought, but by Alexander Woollcott.

VANCE PACKARD, who is hard at work on a book about the American executive, writes to observe that recent Book-of-the-Month Club advertisements seem to feature titles that are steeped in morbidity. In a single ad he noticed: "The Edge of *Sadness*," "The *Agony* and the Ecstasy," "The Rise and *Fall* of the Third Reich," "To *Kill* a Mockingbird," "The Coming *Fury*," "A Matter of Life and *Death*," "The Winter of Our *Discontent*," "The King Must *Die*," "The *Last* of the Just," "The *Decline* and *Fall* of the Roman Empire," "Who *Killed* Society?"

About the only cheerful note in the BOMC titles are: "Ideal Marriage," followed logically, of course, by "Dr. Spock Talks to Mothers."

BUT IF THINGS sometimes seem dismal here, they seem to be a little brighter

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1456)

J. GUNTHER:
INSIDE EUROPE TODAY

East Berlin may look poor on the surface, but East Germany as a whole is prosperous, with a solid—and mounting—industrial output. This country is not just a facade or shadow state; it is a real country, and it completely surrounds Berlin.

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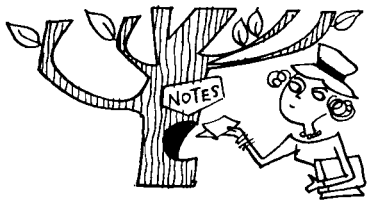
in Moscow. The magazine *Atlas* has come up with an article called "Moscow Laughs," which points out that the political joke is still flourishing in the USSR, and has a strange kinship to the "sick comedy" on the American scene. When Stalin's body was removed from its mausoleum, a current story has it that Lenin woke up in the coffin beside him and asked where he was going. "I'm leaving," Stalin replied. "I was getting tired of sharing a room and now they've finally assigned me an apartment all to myself."

Atlas also reports on a legendary character by the name of Rabinovitch, who is the subject of thousands of stories. He leaves Moscow for a trip through Europe, sending postcards back from wherever he might be at the time. Successively, he writes: "Greetings from a free Warsaw," "Greetings from a free Prague," "Greetings from a free Budapest," and then he finally reaches Paris, where he writes: "Greetings from a free Rabinovitch."

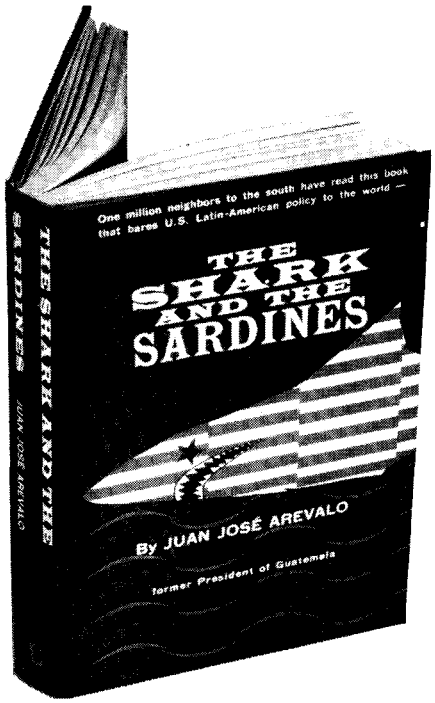
IN GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL, the "Open Book" bookshop, which was designed so that it would stand in the corridor and no one would feel trapped (there are no doors to enter, and it's open on both ends), has now become such a smashing success that another one is being opened on the lower level. Featured will be a "Note Tree," where people who are going to meet each other can leave messages free of charge. It's a workable version of the old gag which went: "If you get there first, put an 'X' on the sidewalk; if I get there first, I'll rub it out."



A NEW YORK TAXI DRIVER is also intent on making his customers happy. Hanging over the back of the front seat is a rack which contains: 1) the daily paper, neatly folded; 2) a note pad and pencil for the busy passenger; 3) an up-to-date calendar; 4) a guide to the latest films and Broadway shows; 5) a classified guide to night clubs; and; 6) the latest information sheets from leading stock market brokers. From the *front* of the front seat comes an analysis-in-depth of the best possible growth stocks, conservatively chosen, and with full details of their management policies and balance sheets.

There was only one trouble when we rode with this paragon of a driver: We were so fascinated we forgot to leave him a tip. —JOHN G. FULLER.

WHY HAS THIS BOOK STIRRED UP SUCH A HORNET'S NEST?


One million neighbors to the south have read this book that bares U.S. Latin-American policy to the world —
THE SHARK AND THE SARDINES
By JUAN JOSÉ AREVALO
former President of Guatemala
THE SHARK AND THE SARDINES
JUAN JOSÉ AREVALO

THE SHARK AND THE SARDINES is one of the most controversial books of our time. One of the most widely read books in Latin America, it describes a harvest of hate reported to be reaped by the U.S.A. south of our border. It *names names*—and documents little known scandals. It exposes the connivers and the crooks, the bribers and the bullies.

Said Jack Brady in *The Beacon*: "It is one of the most shattering profiles of the United States ever to appear in print . . . It gives Americans a much-needed opportunity to see ourselves as others see us.

"The book that bares U.S. Latin-American policy to the world was written by Dr. Juan José Arévalo, who is prominent and popular throughout Latin America. He served as President of Guatemala for six years under its new constitution. During that time he promoted advanced social legislation to raise living standards among the working class and the peasants—and to protect the right of the 'have-nots' in court."

Said the *Anniston Star*: "It is one of the most searing books ever written about relations between the United States and its Latin neighbors . . . It tells why so many Latin Americans are disillusioned about the U.S., indignant about our practices and aroused to action. THE SHARK AND THE SARDINES is not a happy book for Americans to read, but it offers an opportunity to see ourselves as others see us."

Said *The Miltant*: "An angry book . . . the study of the rape of Latin America. . . . For this, its first edition in English, Dr. Arévalo has written a brief but powerful preface specifically addressed to the American reader. This is an important book for all Americans to read—and study. . . ."

The Houston Post declared: "Arévalo is a master writer and the book is fascinating reading."

Said the *Albany Times-Union*: "The fact is that the history of U. S. relations with Latin America is not an altogether pretty story. Bananas, oil, coffee, copper and tin are for most Latin Americans symbols of Yankee greed and exploitation. And there is some justification for the Latin-American view. . . ."

THE SHARK AND THE SARDINES by Dr. Juan José Arévalo is available wherever books are sold. Or you may use the coupon below to order it directly from the publisher.

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THE TWIST: BRAVE NEW WHIRL

By MARSHALL FISHWICK, *professor of American studies at Washington and Lee University.*

HISTORY suggests that there is one clear manifestation of approaching middle age: when you and your closest friends conclude that the younger generation is "going to the dogs." So it is in every culture, every clime. Plato's friends are a case in point. So are Dante's. My favorite story on this theme is much closer to home, however, involving two tight-lipped Vermont farmers sitting around a winter stove. The first one complains that there's been far too much he-ing and she-ing going on in the valley lately. To which his neighbor gives a sparse answer: "'Bout same as usual, Jake. Only other people are doing it now."

The favorite parental target in 1962 is the new dance rage, the Twist. Not even the Russians come in for such violent denunciation in some quarters. Parents forbid it individually, and some towns communally. The dance draws such descriptive epithets as barbaric, erotic, inhuman, and satanic. Listening to a group of local ladies sound off recently, I realized that I had heard a remarkably similar description myself once—when I learned how to jitterbug! So did my father, he admitted privately—when he did the Charleston.

Actually I do not intend to debate the merits or demerits of the Twist. Whether or not the American girl has sacrificed romance for sex appeal I am not prepared to say; but if anyone thinks sex didn't appeal before the days of the Twist, I'll take my stand and slug. If this be treason, I am prepared to make the most of it.

As a student of American culture, I am willing to argue more: that the Twist is a valid manifestation of the Age of Anxiety; an outward manifestation of the anguish, frustration, and uncertainty of the 1960s; an effort to release some of the tension which, if suppressed and buried, could warp and destroy.

In our dancing, as in our ideology and diplomacy, we show who we are, and what America is in the twentieth century.

The same can be said, of course, for other people in other ages. The smug, rationalistic, Cartesian eighteenth century danced the minuet. The aroused, romantic, Darwinian nineteenth century waltzed. The tempo of the times is mirrored in the tempo of the music. Can this be applied to the twentieth century, and the "wild" outbursts of our musicians and dancers? I think so. My case would run something like this:

Around the turn of the century—historians will always argue about just when—there was a notable quickening in the American tempo. "Everybody knows that at *some* point in the twentieth century America went through a cultural revolution," writes Henry F. May in "The End of Innocence." "Glance at a family album, or pick up a book or magazine dated 1907. You will find yourself in a completely vanished world."

Descartes was being supplanted by Einstein; the static by the fluid; causality by purpose; harmony by dissonance; product by process. The single-mindedness of Victorian days gave way to ambivalence and a plurality of feeling. Soldiers died in the Spanish-American War quoting the Founding Fathers. The G.I. Joes of World War II went out quoting Ernest Hemingway. Therein lies the tale.

To tell it fully in a short article, or long book, is out of the question. We are too close to the transformation either to recognize or evaluate all that has happened. Sociologists have begun to document the change from the Protestant ethic to the social ethic; from individualism to togetherness. Political

—*UPI*

Twist titan Chubby Checker

—*UPI*

Twister in Paris

—*Wide World*

At the Peppermint Lounge

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thinkers like Hans Morgenthau, George Kennan, C. B. Marshall, and Walter Lippmann have argued against the old Newtonian rigidity that betrays and destroys us abroad. They would have us make possibilities the function of actuality, always realizing that actuality is not the only possibility. The American love affair with simple solutions, they argue, can cost us our prestige, perhaps our very existence. Politics is not an intellectual game of chess. It is the process of organized power.

Process—the key to the new thought of our century. In the hierarchical past, where systems and status were predetermined, men were often isolated against an awareness of process, and the consistency of change. No one can be so isolated in the 1960s. Our awareness of process is reflected in our private and public lives. Like our government, all of us must live (like it or not) on the cutting edge of New Frontiers.

This is how Lancelot Whyte sums it up in "The Next Development of Man":

> Man shares the special form of the universal formative process which is common to all organisms. While life is maintained, the component processes of man never attain the relative isolation and static perfection of inorganic processes. . . .

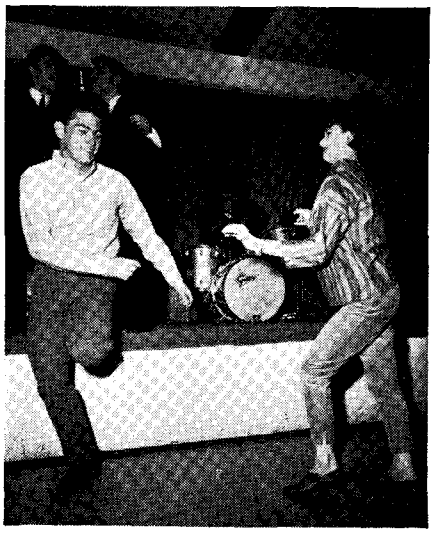
Thus we rush with terrifying speed into the Age of Zations: urbanization, mechanization, systematization, specialization, synchronization, and so on. The realization creates a whole new dimension in modern living, as human knowledge accumulates faster than the ability of even the wisest men to assimilate it. Scholars estimate that we are now doubling our available knowledge every ten years, and that 90 per cent of all scientists who ever lived are alive today.

Theories of energy, matter, and time are in flux. What was once held to be simple has proven to be incredibly complex. "When one looks at the recently discovered atomic plans of living structures," Sir Lawrence Bragg recently wrote, "it is not their complexity that creates the deepest impression. Many mineral structures have complex atomic patterns. It is rather the living cells' strange and almost astronomically improbable nature, as compared with the 'obviousness' of the mineral structures." His colleague J. W. N. Sullivan goes further yet in "The Limitations of Science," holding that it is very likely that all our scientific theories are wrong, and will have to be revised or junked.

NATURALLY some of this revelation has been received by our artists. In painting and sculpture, for example, stability and rationality have tended to disappear in the adaptable and amorphous present. Modern painters regard forms and colors not as inert spots, but as living spatial energies. This energy they strive to release on canvas, in the most dynamic manner possible. They paint not only a visual thing, but what is behind it. In place of apples and landscapes and grandmother we have anger and pain and ideas about space. Working on the "New Left Bank" in New York City, our painters have dematerialized solid forms into clusters of linear relationships. The ancient fear of nature has been replaced by the fear of what might follow the violation of nature's mysteries. In the best of this work, there is an authentic intensity which has suddenly thrust our painting to the forefront of Western art. Suddenly reality has a variety of profiles, which seem to appear only by acci-

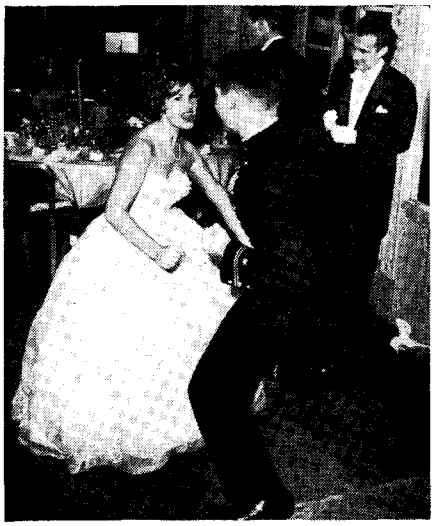
—*Wide World*
Spine-cracking caper

—*Wide World*
Swingin' starlet



—*Wide World*
Prancing pas de deux

—*Wide World*
At Hollywood night club



—*Wide World*
At New York debutante ball

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dent, and to be constantly on the move.

The art form which has been most successful at capturing the essence of contemporary America is jazz. Here, if anywhere, we can sense the meaning of process. Musicians grope for a line, follow it, explore it, soar with it. They are, as our children claim, "way-out"—as much in space in their own particular way as our astronauts.

By superimposing syncopation and polyrhythm, jazz gives us unending variety and a tension of counterpurposes. Whereas the traditional European rhythms are chordal or vertical, those of American jazz are linear or horizontal. No wonder jazz has been our most important cultural export, and Louis Armstrong our best diplomat, in the last generation. The testimony on this point is impressive. Speaking of World War II, the German pianist Jutta Hipp wrote:

> I remember nights when we didn't go down to the bomb shelter because we listened to jazz records. We just had the feeling that you are not our enemies, and even though the bombs crashed around us . . . we felt safe.

Taken almost as a religion by many abroad, jazz has encountered stern opposition from some at home. The basic reason will illuminate the current condemnation of the Twist. The psychiatrist Dr. Norman Margolis has explained this tendency by noting that an essentially free and uninhibited art form ran into a stratum of society that put high values on properness, control, and restraint. The remnants of the Puritan tradition dictated a rigid cultural conscience repressing those impulses with which jazz has associated, and which it symbolized. A new generation, anxious to achieve its own independence and expression, has adopted new sounds and gyrations as its red badge of courage. Thus the implications of the matter are social and psychic as well as musical.

ADD to that list theological implications, too. Thoughtful churchmen realize that they can no longer evade this embarrassing question: why has jazz won more converts than either the Christian Church or the Communist party in the last fifty years?

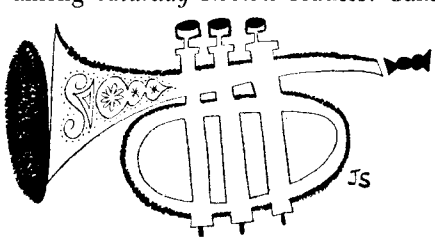
Wilson Wade, professor of religion at Dartmouth College, has suggested an answer: "Jazz shows us the image of the twentieth century man—in search of his humanity." In its honesty and ability to mirror our times it offers advantages traditional music lacks. To know and participate in the life of the Man of the Sixties, we must open ourselves to the sound of jazz, and the sight of the Twist. In neither is there a clear-cut distinction between good and evil, or any delusions about categories. Instead, there is despair and hope, ecstasy and cacophony, frustration and fulfillment. "If we in the Church are really open to the gifts which God continually sets in our midst," Dr. Wade adds, "we may find that jazz is the long-awaited symbol for the renewed affirmation we so desperately need." To this strong affirmative statement Father Kennard, of the philosophy department of Loyola University in Los Angeles, adds five words: "To swing is to affirm."

Liking jazz is one thing. Defining it is another. Jazz is a lazy summer afternoon. Sand between your toes. Stinging nettles. Not letting the right hand know what the left hand doeth. Bourbon on the rocks. Sleeping on foam rubber. Kicking your bare toes on a piece of flint. It is the improvisation by many, with individual liberty for all.

Schools and styles come and go—Dixie, ragtime, swing, bop, cool—but the implication of jazz remains. It is no passing fad, to be corrected as American taste improves. Jazz is in the main stream of American culture; a recoil from the loneliness of a fragmented culture; a device to heal the psychic alienation that separates and corrodes. "Where lucidity reigns," the existentialist leader Albert Camus wrote, "a scale of values becomes unnecessary."

I am aware that in all the areas we have mentioned (art, music, entertainment) the woods are full of hucksters and phonies. We all know about that donkey that tied a brush to its tail and painted a prize-winning abstract painting, and the singing star who had his faulty adenoids removed and lost his contract on TV. What age *hasn't* had its phonies and pretenders? What cultural revolution has ever swept a people without confusion, pretension, and exhibitionism? Should that which is genuine be condemned because it is surrounded by that which is spurious?

Before you reject the sights and sounds of the Sixties, think back on the days when *you* were a rebel; when all the "old fogies" (that is, people over 26) complained that you were going just a little too far, a little too fast. By listing a score of "crazes" that have swept our nation since 1900, I think I'll elicit smiles of admission and nostalgia from all but the *ancien régime* among *Saturday Review* readers: Cake Walk, Camel Walk, Eagle Rock, Shimmy, Black Bottom, Charleston, Snake Hips, Lindy Hop, Shim Sham, Truckin', Susie Q, Shorty George, Peckin', Boogie Woogie, Big Apple, Shag, Sand, Apple Jack, Mambo, Cha cha cha.



"But none of them," you may argue, "is like the Twist." Did you expect them to be?

Only a man braver and wiser than I would claim to know where the line between experimental and eccentric, new and neurotic, significant and silly must be drawn. In art as in life, those who tend to "like it all" and those who "hate it all" tend to obstruct true issues and merit. Ralph Waldo Emerson told us over a century ago what type of people we needed in the democracy which would fulfill the American dream: "Men and women of original perception and original action, who can open their eyes wider than to a nationality . . . men of elastic, men of moral mind, who can live in the moment and *take a step forward*."

We move forward in doubt, and sometimes in fear. Viewing the mechanization of life, the acceleration of pace, and the mobility of people, we cannot help it. Too often we meet, have surface contacts, and ricochet on, like billiard balls tapped aimlessly by an infant. By losing our identity, we lose our community, in a land of hard, inhuman ambitions. The pioneers of our time are Prometheans, and the less sensitive among them have enthroned a new trinity: mechanism, militarism, and money. Instead of going Onward and Upward, we have moved from Progress to Perplexity. Yet that which is *essentially* American remains; and continues to be the hope of Western civilization. No one has ever isolated this essential ingredient, and probably no one ever will. Scott Fitzgerald tried and came up with a memorable metaphor. "France has a land," he said, "England has a people, but America, having about it still the quality of the idea, is harder to utter. It is the frozen limbs at Valley Forge, the graves at Shiloh, the tired drawn faces of its great men. . . . It is a *willingness of the heart*."

Thomas Wolfe saw the voyage from the Old World to the new and easily twisted America as one of the exciting truths of human history. "There is no other experience that is remotely comparable to it," he wrote in "Of Time and the River," "in its sense of joy, its exultancy, its drunken and magnificent hope which, against reason and knowledge, soars into a heaven of fabulous conviction, which believes in the miracle and sees it invariably achieved."

The defense rests. Vive le Twist!

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Secession from the Body Politic

By GRANVILLE HICKS

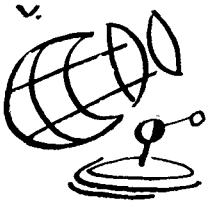
THE TYPICAL hero of American fiction today is a man in a desperate predicament. Sometimes he seems doomed, as does Rabbit Angstrom in John Updike's "Rabbit, Run." Sometimes, like Bud in Herbert Gold's "The Man Who Was Not With It," or Tommy Wilhelm in Saul Bellow's "Seize the Day," or S. Levin in Bernard Malamud's "A New Life," or Cass Kinsolving in William Styron's "Set This House on Fire," he achieves a precarious sort of salvation. But, win, lose, or draw, he is one who has lived close to failure.

In an article that appeared a few weeks ago in the *New York Times Book Review*, James Baldwin discussed failure as a theme in contemporary fiction. The writers of the Twenties and Thirties, he observed — Hemingway and Fitzgerald and Dos Passos and Wolfe — also dealt with failure, but their treatment of it was basically romantic. Their heroes began life with a deep innocence and were consequently shocked by what they discovered. The innocence of both characters and authors, Baldwin suggested, grew out of faith in the American dream, a conviction that here success was always possible, and they, authors and characters alike, were filled with dismay when they found that the dream was false. In the modern world, he argued, it is not so easy to believe that we Americans are God's chosen people and that success is our natural right. For the younger writers failure is not an appalling exception to a general rule; it is one of the facts of life.

George P. Elliott's **"David Knudsen"** (Random House, $4.95) is another study of desperation, and an interesting one. Elliott is the author of a collection of short stories, "Among the Dangs," and of a novel, "Parktilden Village." I like most of his stories, but I am of two minds about the novel. As a brisk, knowledgeable survey of some aspects of contemporary society, it is excellent, but I am baffled by the conclusions Elliott seems to draw.

The issues in "David Knudsen" are more clearly defined, and the novel moves firmly towards its climax. It is in the form of an autobiography, and David's opening statement of purpose is so clear and illuminating that it must be quoted:

> As soon as I settled down three years ago, I thought of writing this autobiography. For a while I saw no justification for doing so, but then I thought: It is possible that if I confess what I know about myself, I shall have said more about you than if I had tried to say what I know about you — whoever I am, whoever you are. But circumstance has given me another, more instant claim to your attention: I have suffered from an illness peculiar to our time, radiation sickness from fallout, and my father was one of the physicists who developed the nuclear bomb. Nevertheless, sufficient as these justifications seem to me, they are not the chief reason I write.
>
> Son without parents, husband without wife, father who refused his child, citizen who neither votes nor is registered to vote, a believer without a church, a renter of rooms in the city



> of my home — I am an outsider member of a disturbed body politic, a highly evolved organ that is not permitted to function as it could; an eye in one hysterically blind; what I see is not welcomed into consciousness.
>
> If I am ever to cease to be my own outsider, I must give my story its own body, the body of this book.

David tells his story simply enough: the death of his mother, his relations with his austere but admirable father, what happens to his two sisters, one a conformist, the other a rebel. He tells of his choice of photography as a vocation and of his friendship with Butch McKee, domineering, self-indulgent, coarse-mouthed, vital. He describes his courtship of Carol and their marriage just before he leaves for the Korean War. He passes quickly over the war, and comes to the critical incident of the story — his exposure to fallout after the testing of a hydrogen bomb in the Pacific.

In what follows, David's most important experience is in relation to the Catholic Church. One of his fellow-victims, a lapsed Catholic, returns to the faith, and David is influenced by him and by a priest. After his release from the hospital and return to San Francisco, he continues to draw close to the church, but turns sharply away when he belatedly realizes the possible genetic effects of his exposure to fallout. After that he tries living a conventional life — "Shmuggery," he calls it — with Carol and his job, but that fails. So does travel; so does psychiatry; so does sex.

What has David learned?

> At this point in the book of my life [he writes in summary] I am made to recognize beyond any evasion that the fault in myself which I find most obnoxious is my evading and shifting responsibility for harm done. My knowledge of this is not sudden and new; I have been knowing it off and on, more or less, for a long time. It is just that by now this knowledge is so a part of me that I will not harm anyone again as I harmed my wife, my father, and my all-but child — if only because I will not let myself get that close to anyone again.

This is a grim and terrible resolution, but at least David has ceased to be his own outsider. He has accepted alienation as well as responsibility. He stands apart not merely from organized society but from all human ties. He is sustained by rare moments of mystical vision, but he is alone in these moments of faith as in times of doubt.

Although this is by all odds a more successful novel than "Parktilden Village," I do have reservations about it. The difficulty is that, to use a cliché I should prefer to avoid, I can't identify myself with David. I can believe in his experiences; I can comprehend his thoughts; but I can't feel with him. The fault may be mine, but it may also be that some ultimate touch of magic is missing.

On the other hand, it is a novel that I have read with unfailing interest because of the intellectual rigor with which it examines the major dilemmas of our time. The problem of the bomb is dramatized in two ways: through the share David's father has in the responsibility for its existence and through the share David has in the evil in which it results. Behind the problem of the bomb lies the problem of science, and behind the problem of science lies the problem of faith. To none of these problems does Elliott attempt to offer an answer, but he does show what may happen to a man who faces them in all their forbidding magnitude and who learns to turn failure into the only kind of success that he values.

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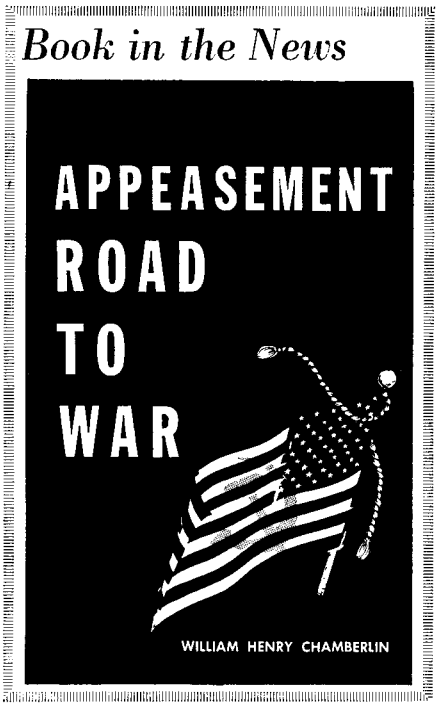
Book in the News



By FRANK ALTSCHUL, *well-known foreign affairs analyst and chairman of the Committee on International Policy of the National Planning Association.*

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN has written a bitter book—bitter in its running catalogue of past mistakes in foreign policy, bitter in its indictment of individuals who at times have publicly expressed views on matters of policy at variance with those passionately held by the author. Nonetheless, his **"Appeasement—Road to War"** (Rolton House, $3.95) is a useful book because it offers convincing evidence of the futility and danger of appeasement.

With a number of pointed quotations from Lenin and his successors, Mr. Chamberlin documents his analysis of the struggle in which we are engaged. And he reaches the categoric conclusion "that anyone who does not understand the uncompromising, implacable, permanent nature of the Communist threat to world civilization has not grasped one of the basic facts of the international situation."

Any concession to Sino-Soviet demands, however trivial, according to the author, will rightly be interpreted as a sign of weakness and will furnish a prelude to new and more insistent exactions. Only "the will and ability to maintain a strong and invulnerable military deterrent may hold back the tide of Communist aggression. There is no other means by which this objective can be achieved."

Events move today with such startling rapidity that many of the recommendations made by Mr. Chamberlin in this volume, written in July 1960, seem already dated. Great advances have been made in meeting what the author considered "the supreme need of the United States"—an invulnerable deterrent. At the same time the Administration has shown its awareness of the urgency to develop a "greater readiness for limited wars, fought with non-nuclear weapons." And the President, to whom the author appeals in a brief epilogue, has given more than one indication of his determination to "take a clear uncompromising stand against the course of appeasement."

In a persuasive chapter entitled "The Stakes of Berlin" the impelling reasons for rejecting the Soviet demands are lucidly set forth. It is no fault of the author that, since he wrote, our position has been materially weakened by the erection of the Wall. One must presume that, consistent with his general approach, Mr. Chamberlin would have favored an immediate and vigorous reaction with bulldozers and tanks. In the light of his criticism of so many errors of policy long after the event, it would be interesting to know whether in this instance he urged positive action at the time. Regardless of any such speculation, however, the argument for no further concessions in regard to West Berlin seems today unanswerable.

YET having said this, the point should be made that since this book was written much has happened to suggest that too dogmatic an appraisal of Soviet intentions based on early Communist texts may prove dangerously misleading. Throughout, Mr. Chamberlin displays a tendency toward oversimplification. He makes little allowance for the enormous difficulties imposed by the necessity of coordinating coalition policy. Above all, he fails to take into account the heavy burden of responsibility that must weigh on any national leader obliged to face the appalling risk of thermonuclear war. It may be that at some point this risk must be taken. Until then, however, the continuing search for a degree of flexibility in the light of rapidly changing circumstances cannot in fairness be equated with appeasement.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

LETTER IN LETTER OUT

Here are pairs of words (plus a terminal triplet) within a single sentence which possess the same body but have individual heads and feet (that is, first and last letters, as *history-distort*, *candid-bandit*). Robert E. Stevens of Carson City, Nevada, asks you to fill in the blank spaces provided for the letters. Answers on page 33.

1. (Be careful_____) of small tasks which promise a large (compensation _____).
2. That champagne was so good, let's (take the stopper out of _____) another bottle for an (repeat performance_____)!
3. Icebergs have an extremely (cold_____) (beginning_____).
4. The first flight by man to the moon will be the (risky undertaking_____) of this (hundred years _____).
5. (Existing _____) with you, dear heart, would be (heavenly _____)!
6. (Lack of grace and tact _____) in a man is no sure sign that he is not (scholarly _____).
7. One of those (horse riders _____) has a (squinting organ of sight _____).
8. Take that (ring _____) off your (thumb _____)!
9. It's impossible to discuss his (rectangular oil-paintings _____) (in a lucid manner _____).
10. Mediums allegedly engage in (quick, witty conversation _____) with the (dead and gone _____).
11. The cries of that (heron-like wading bird _____) make me (nervous _____).
12. (Exaggerated praise _____) may get you (large plates _____) of steak and potatoes from that (careless, dirty woman _____).

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PERSONAL HISTORY

Before the Bell Tolled

"My Brother, Ernest Hemingway," by Leicester Hemingway *(World. 283 pp. $4.95), uses family letters and personal recollections to illumine the late writer's earlier years. Carlos Baker is working on the authorized biography.*

By CARLOS BAKER

ERNEST HEMINGWAY used to remark, with a harsh and truculent emphasis, that he did not want his biography written while he was alive, and preferably not for a century after his death. But he made too big a dent in his time to have earned the right to posthumous obscurity. He had not been dead six months before at least three paperback biographies, filled with inaccuracies in varying degrees, began to appear on the shelves of drugstores. Such fame as he achieved in his lifetime breeds curiosity as naturally as logs breed flame, and the light and heat of his presence continues both to be felt and invoked among us.

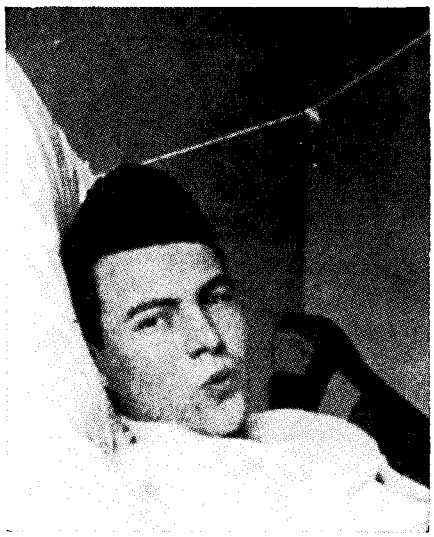
This biography by his brother Leicester, sixteen years his junior, generates both warmth and light. The warmth is to be found in the kid brother's obvious admiration for the journalist, the novelist, the soldier, the sailor, the fisherman and hunter, the heroic drinker, and not least the far traveler whose literally errant footsteps he chose to follow at a considerable interval both in years and (as he readily admits) in talent. For if this first, generally accurate, full-length life of the master is by no means a thoroughgoing apotheosis of a dead hero, most of its pages glow with the retrospective warmth of a blood-brother's adulation.

But it is the light shed by this book that best justifies its being. Having had access to numerous old family letters and albums of pictures, the younger Mr. Hemingway is able to solve hitherto vexatious problems of chronology, to scotch a number of recurrent false rumors, and to cut many of the taller tales down to size. The portrait of his brother that emerges, while necessarily incomplete and in some respects rather sketchy, is nonetheless credible, understandable, and human. If Leicester Hemingway turns aside from some of the darker passages, skims swiftly past certain of the more embarrassing moments, and chooses to speculate rather gingerly, when he speculates at all, about his brother's motivations, he still leaves us far better informed than he found us.

The portraits of the Hemingway parents are at once sympathetic and revealing. There is the patient, all-enduring Dr. Clarence Hemingway, who loved the outdoor life and even dreamed of becoming a medical missionary, yet stayed close to his abundant Oak Park practice, delivered some 3,000 babies in over thirty years, and ended his career with a Smith and Wesson revolver one morning three weeks before Christmas in 1928. There is the gifted mother, born Grace Hall, who according to her son had no domestic talents beyond the singing of lullabies in her beautiful voice and the breast-feeding of the six children who arrived at intervals between 1898 and 1915. "She abhorred didies, deficient manners, stomach upsets, housecleaning, and cooking," writes Leicester, and she was given to sick headaches in moments of family crisis. There is a memorable though brief account of the Hemingways' long summers at Windemere cottage on the shores of Walloon Lake in northern Michigan, where Ernest indulged a developing passion for hunting and fishing—a passion which was to continue unbroken until that summer's morning, far to the west in Idaho, when he ended his career with a double-barreled Richardson shotgun three weeks before his sixty-second birthday.

HEMINGWAY's boyhood ended with his departure for Italy in 1918. Leicester's account of this period, based on the boy's letters home, retells authoritatively the story of the severe wounding at Fossalta, and makes public for the first time Ernest's love affair with the Red Cross nurse, Agnes von Kurowsky, who saw him through the physically painful but otherwise idyllic months of recuperation in the American hospital at Milan. Pain of another sort marked the young veteran's homecoming. Leicester offers the first full account of Ernest's declaration of independence from parental authority, which seems to have reached a kind of crux on the eve of his twenty-first birthday.

From this point onwards, the biography is best when Leicester is able to draw on family letters or personal visits to his brother. Ernest's journalistic labors in Toronto, Chicago, and, after 1921, in Europe; the breaking up of his first marriage just as "The Sun Also Rises" had lifted him to permanent fame; the years in Key West with his second wife; the sporting vacations in Arkansas and Montana; the first African safari in 1933-34; the building of the *Pilar* and his immense pride in its maneuverability; the arrival of the Spanish Civil War, which was to result in the creation of "For Whom the Bell Tolls" and the emotion-riddled destruction of the second marriage; the sub-hunting days in the Caribbean waters, the wartime flights over Festung Europa, the D-day crossing to Fox Green Beach, and the long alliance with the Fourth Division and the 22nd Infantry Regiment, in the course of which Hemingway's abortive third marriage fell into bitter ruins. Leicester turns to personal memory for a number of valuable eyewitness reports on his brother's mode of life in Florida and Arkansas, and there are useful glimpses into the brothers' wartime association in London and Paris.



—*J. Fried.*

Ernest Hemingway in base hospital in Milan, July 1918.

But the rest of the book is skeletal—a final chapter of sixteen pages on the sixteen postwar years is scarcely adequate to the purpose. To fill such gaps, other lives of Ernest Hemingway are needed and will doubtless be forthcoming. Excerpts from a volume about the Hemingway clan by Mrs. Marcelline Sanford, Ernest's elder sister, have already appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the book is promised for publication in the spring. Meanwhile both the text itself and the excellent early pictures in Leicester Hemingway's biography combine to make this the best extant life of his brother.

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She Grew Up in the Barracks

"Queen of Caprice," by Paul Lewis *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 297 pp. $4.95), recounts the incredible life of Kristina of Sweden, who was educated as a boy, abdicated her throne in 1654 as a convert to Roman Catholicism, and became a center of spectacular quarrels and intrigues. Stanley Loomis, author of "Du Barry," is a student of the seventeenth century.*

By STANLEY LOOMIS

"WOMEN's clothes and women's ways were alike insupportable to me," Kristina of Sweden wrote of herself. "I cherished a profound contempt for everything pertaining to my sex."

The daughter of King Gustavus II Adolphus, one of history's great military figures, was born in 1626. Her father was killed in battle when she was six, and Kristina succeeded to the throne under a regency of six nobles who removed her from the feminine influence of her widowed, unstable mother. Henceforth, she was educated as a boy and was dressed in boy's clothes. Generals instructed her in military matters, and she was tutored in such masculine studies as mathematics, foreign languages, and science. The rigors of the barracks regulated her daily life. At sixteen she more resembled a cavalry trooper from her father's guard than a young woman. "You have turned my lovely daughter into a freak!" cried her mother when she saw the outcome of this education. An effort was made to alter the unalterable, and Kristina was introduced to the softening influence of her own sex, but it was too late. For the rest of her life she was to view women with contempt and regard men as her equals. "I like men," she once said, "because they are not women."

In this readable biography, the first to be published in English in many years, Paul Lewis does not wade too deeply into the dark and inviting waters of psychiatry. He directs our attention to the very evident fact that Kristina was obsessed with the image of her hero-father, and devotes the rest of his pages to a narration rather than an explanation of her reckless, extraordinary life. Madness rather than neurosis appears to have prompted most of her behavior. At twenty-eight she abdicated her throne and fled Sweden in the dead of night in order to make a spectacular conversion to the Roman Catholic faith; this was the first of the scandals that were to shock Europe. In Rome, where she established residence, she was soon at the center of the many complex quarrels that were so necessary to her and that she initiated wherever she went. The Pope, elated to number the former queen of Sweden among his flock, soon had ample reason to wish that the queen were not Kristina. Her restlessness expressed itself in a succession of fanciful and futile plots: a scheme to gain the throne of Naples, another to regain her throne in Sweden, a third to convert the Lutheran countries to Roman Catholicism. In 1657 occurred the worst scandal of her storm-tossed life. For reasons that will never be clear, but which Mr. Lewis has analyzed with attention, Kristina pronounced her first equerry to be a "traitor" and ordered him put to death. She was living at that time at Fontainebleau, a guest on sufferance of the king of France. The murder of Monaldeschi took place in the Galerie des Cerfs in front of her assembled servants and two priests. Monaldeschi was clumsily hacked to death by another equerry, "a slow business because of the coat of mail the victim was wearing." It was a dark and fearful event which occasioned revulsion throughout Europe. Kristina's reputation did not survive it.

TIME, however, at last brought tranquillity. It was one of her admirable qualities that this strange woman was a true intellectual, educated in eleven languages, and always speculative. Toward the end of her days she founded an academy in Rome for poets, scientists, and philosophers. Arrogant though she may have been as a sovereign, she recognized her limits as an artist and never imposed her will or opinion on those creative men whose work she furthered and whom she regarded as her superiors.

Plump and serene, writing aphorisms, she slowly drifted towards old age and death—an odd and satisfactory ending to a very odd and unsatisfactory life.

Lost in a Self-Made World

"Letters to a Friend 1950-1952: The Spiritual Autobiography of a Distinguished Writer," by Rose Macaulay, *edited by Constance Babington-Smith (Atheneum. 358 pp. $5), reveals hitherto unknown aspects of the novelist's private life and religious crisis through her correspondence with an Anglican priest. Aileen Pippett, biographer of Virginia Woolf, frequently comments on English writers and writing.*

By AILEEN PIPPETT

ROSE MACAULAY was a proud and private woman. She asked her friend to burn these letters, and left instructions in her will to destroy his letters to her. They were, she said, too good for others to see. He reasoned differently; her letters were too good for others *not* to see. Many relatives and other responsible people agreed with him; hence the present volume. Its publication revives the vexed question of how to reconcile the wishes of the dead with the preservation of documentary evidence about anyone who has been to any degree a public figure. The dilemma is more acute because full understanding of the letters involves disclosing a fact about the writer's private life that was previously a close secret: that this gay, independent, cultured lady, of Spartan habits, refined tastes, and exquisite manners, had for many years deeply loved a married man. Under his influence, says the cousin who so admirably edits this book (or was it a sense of guilt?), she became estranged from the Anglican Church, of which she and her family for generations had been devout members. Through her novels, lectures, talk, and conduct she became widely known as a skeptic, a mocker, sharp-tongued and hawk-eyed but genial, a sort of amiable shark moving unchallenged in the warm seas of human folly.

In 1950 a fan letter from the Rev.

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FICTION

Connivers for the Crown

"Devil Water," by Anya Seton *(Houghton Mifflin. 532 pp. $5.95), reconstructs two abortive attempts to return the Stuarts to the throne of England. James Gray wrote the literary essays, "On Second Thought."*

By JAMES GRAY

THE ENORMOUS competence of this performance cannot fail to be impressive to experienced executants of two different lively arts. Anya Seton's masterly marshaling of facts, her brisk ordering of them into persuasive interpretations of causes, must make the popular historian pant hard to keep pace and perhaps harder still to overcome envy. Her ability, not to say agility, in making her way through a wild welter of the passions offers postgraduate instruction for the novelist in all the rigors of storytelling. Either, or both, must run up the white flag of abject surrender and admit that no one in our time has so well deserved success as a popularizer of the materials of historical fiction. This 500-page novel conquers space, time, and fate—and, what is even more remarkable, tedium too—in its at once tumultuous and tidy reconstruction of two abortive attempts to put the Stuarts back on the throne.

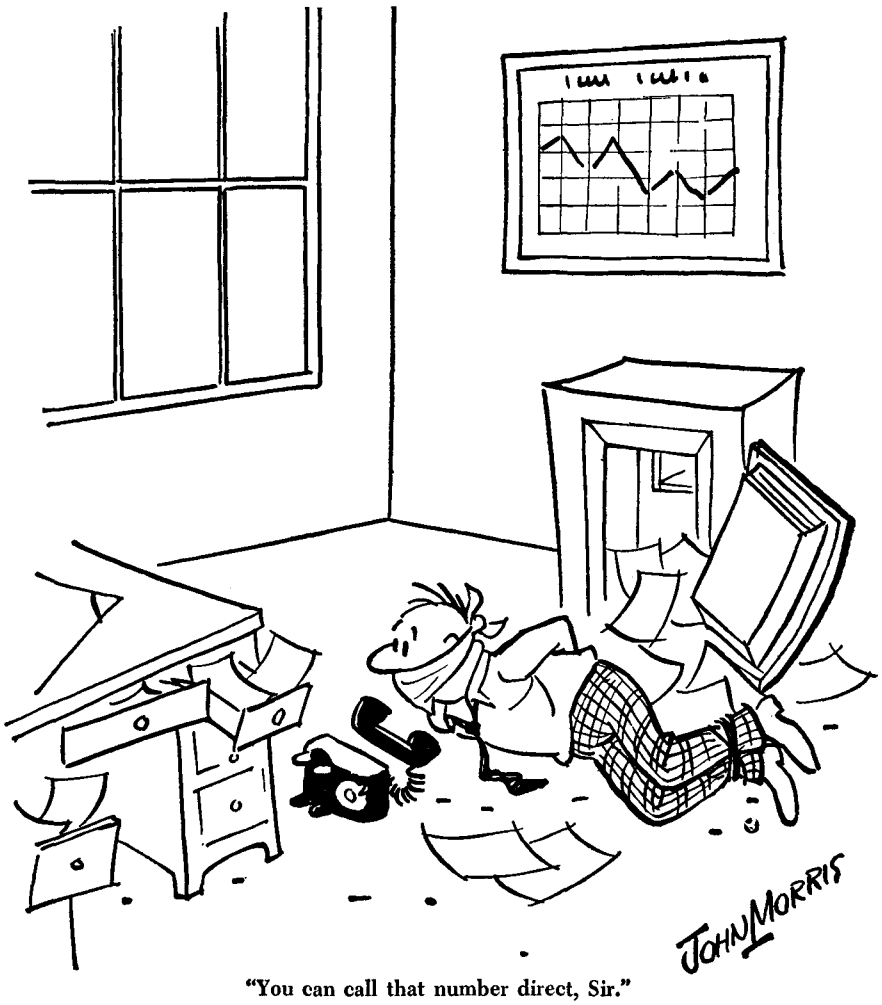
These events constitute a kind of romantic postscript to a record already finished, that of papal jurisdiction over the internal affairs of England. The Roman Catholic "pretenders" could not reverse the course of history, set in motion during the reign of Henry VIII, and their efforts to do so were wavering and feeble. But the wistfulness of lost causes makes them more, rather than less, sympathetic to drama of a sort, and Anya Seton has found abundant opportunity to exploit gallantry in the midst of futility. The uninhibited temper of early eighteenth-century life abets her purposes, and she plunges through scenes of pageantry, degradation, conniving, and nobility of spirit at the rate of three or four to a page. Battles, sessions in elegant salons, courtroom trials, public executions—even touches of the occult—all are grist for this superbly efficient literary mill.

The records of the Radcliffe family have been searched exhaustively to put the pattern of the Stuart rebellions clearly before us. These were dedicated if neither well-disciplined nor inspired men, and their story dramatizes emotions that are highly intoxicating because they are strong and mixed. One of Anya Seton's many assets is her candor in examining conflicts of motive. Unlike sentimental practitioners of her craft, she is fascinated by the wens, warts, and wattles that mar the human face and give it arresting individuality. One of her figures violently rapes his own wife—a sin for which Galsworthy's Soames Forsyte has been consigned to the lowest circle of hell in literary criticism. Yet Anya Seton's impetuous young man remains as nearly the hero of her novel as any of its characters can be said to be.

An essential purpose of this vast entertainment would be thwarted if an attempt were made here to trace out its narrative design. A constantly shifting course of excitement in a variety of encounters with debauched duchesses, brawling Scottish lords, whipped slaves and, for good measure, such misshapen forms of genius as Alexander Pope and Lord Chesterfield are represented to have been—this is what one should look for because it is surely what one gets. The individual scene and the individual portrait are brilliantly done. If Hogarth had happened to do a grotesque study of royalty at work he could have produced nothing more skilfully destructive than Anya Seton's portrait of dropsical Queen Anne receiving in her bed.

The speed with which the narrative moves is so great that a breathless follower is unlikely to be conscious of style. But Anya Seton has her own respect for the dignity of human emotion, and sometimes a glimpse of her talent for dramatizing it breaks through the general tumult: A young woman watches her father's execution under a headsman's axe. "Her face was a silver mask. Her breathing was like the tearing of silk."

The phrase suggests that the ultimate purpose of romantic fiction about deposed kings is to tear silk. No one does it more expertly than Anya Seton.



"You can call that number direct, Sir."

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Junctions of the Twain

"Foreign Soil: Tales of South India," by Robin White *(Atheneum. 238 pp. $4.50), juxtaposes the attitudes of peoples of the East and West when confronted with typical human problems. Paul Engle, a poet, is former editor of "O. Henry Prize Stories" and director of the program in creative writing at the University of Iowa.*

By PAUL ENGLE

THIS is as lively, amusing, and touching a book of short stories as the year is likely to produce. There are fourteen stories, all of them contrasting the views of Westerners, usually missionaries or tourists, with those of native Indians. The events depicting these differing attitudes are full of insight and shrewdness, as well as wit.

Typical of the lighter stories is "False Teeth," in which the cook Anathan, employed by the Prutters, has for thirteen years been without his teeth. This has given rise to not only a personal sense of inferiority, but the contempt of his wife, and had made Anathan a timid and retiring man. His boss, Prutter, is the opposite – a bold, aggressive type with a set of flashing teeth so fierce-looking that they have been responsible for his nickname of "Tiger Man."

One night after work Anathan glances up at the house to see the great Prutter take out his teeth and drop them into a glass of water. Fascinated by such a miracle, Anathan sneaks up a stairway and "borrows" the teeth, intending only to discover their secret. He tries them on, finds that they fit, and goes home, intending to return them before dawn. His hen-pecking wife puts her finger in his mouth to see what he is hiding, and he bites her finger. That is the beginning of his triumph. He cannot return the teeth because the door has been latched and his key is inside the Prutter house. There is a great search for the false teeth, in the course of which the humiliated Prutter becomes gentle and friendly, until finally a new set is ordered, and Anathan is allowed to keep the old dentures because they fit. Only Mrs. Prutter knows his secret, and she is grateful to him for bringing about the marvelous change in the nature of her husband.

The absolute opposite of such a story is "Consider the Lilies," in which a couple, lost while driving over an unknown road, find a tiny village, apparently deserted. Then an old man appears, and they discover that the people are starving to death. In exchange for water for their boiling car, they leave all of the food they have with them. In the end they see a woman who has just given birth kiss her baby and then break its neck. They turn back, unable, too scared, to go farther. As the author says, they had already come too far.

Many of the stories offer the people and events of India as a way of clarifying the relationships between visiting white people. Thus, in "Wayside Offering" Cyrus and his wife, Edith, observe a burial ceremony, to which the dead woman's four husbands as well as her true lover have come. Edith herself is a fairly lifeless person, and, as Cyrus watches the grief and the understanding, he sees that whereas the lover has been excluded from marriage, but not from love, he, Cyrus, has been excluded from love, but not from marriage.

The stories are a delight for their warmth, their quick awareness of Indian and American, and for their revelation that there is really no soil that is foreign. There is only the common soil of the human world.

Robin White—"insight and shrewdness, as well as wit."

STALKING A SHADY VALKYRIE: While in Germany lecturing on "From Beowulf to Dylan Thomas" for the government-sponsored English Letters Association, Oliver Versory meets the gorgeous blonde Hannelore. That she is all woman and all-interesting to Versory is apparent from the start. But, later, when they resume their relationship in Paris, where Versory is involved in the endless red tape of the Quinquepartite International Letters Association, he begins to wonder what else his blonde Valkyrie is. Russian spy? Lady of the evening?

Therein hangs most of the tale that the publishers of Bruce Marshall's latest novel, **"A Girl from Lubeck"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50), describe on the dust jacket as "a romance, a thriller, a satire—and a parable." Can a novel be called a romance because of an infatuated hero and a handful of boy-girl encounters? Doesn't a thriller contain greater chills than those provided by a bookish hero, disguised in kilts and mustache, trailing a Russian who's not really up to anything? Shouldn't satire bite more deeply and more often than this book does with scattered scenes of the great world powers arguing about what place on the business agenda discussion of their building's faulty elevator should be given? Shouldn't a parable be more than a closing chapter that suggests hidden depth of meaning by being out of character with the rest of the story? To label Mr. Marshall's novel any of the above would be much the same as calling "Macbeth" a farce because of the drunken porter's scene.

What "A Girl from Lübeck" *is* is a pleasant evening's reading. What it can be is a very funny motion picture if only some bright British producer will snatch it up, throw away that last chapter, and turn Alec Guinness loose in those kilts. —HASKEL FRANKEL.

VICTORIAN TRISTAN: **"Castle Dor"** (Doubleday, $4.50), a modern version of the Tristan and Iseult legend, has a piquant history, for it was begun in the 1920s by a Cambridge professor, the late Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, and recently finished by his friend Daphne du Maurier, an expert at confecting adventurous romances about Cornwall, the principal scene of the various Tristan stories. The present book is given an added fillip of interest because Quiller-Couch, after the death of Robert Louis Stevenson, had completed that author's "St. Ives."

The action of "Castle Dor"—the title comes from one of the Cornish settings of the Tristan tales—is pushed up into the 1860s. Its hero is a young Breton sailor, Amyot Trestane, a reincarnation

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ROAMING

About Lonely Steins, Speculation

"The Linden Trees," by Carlo Levi, *translated by Joseph M. Bernstein (Knopf. 171 pp. $3.50), reports the artist-author's impressions of Germany as he found it during a recent lecture tour. Richard R. Plant, who recently revisited that country, teaches German literature at the City College of New York.*

By RICHARD R. PLANT

SOME novelists have a flair for travel books. They manage to imbue their pilgrimages with color and drama; even if they indulge in generalities or set out on long flights of philosophy, sociology, and anthropology, they succeed in being lucid if not always thrilling. Carlo Levi, it must be reported, displays no such gift for writing about foreign countries; besides, he doesn't seem to have enjoyed this particular excursion. Furthermore—and this is the most saddening part—he has yielded to the one temptation any seasoned travel reporter knows how to avoid: to make generalizations built on accidental encounters and unconfirmed facts.

If Mr. Levi had been content to select a few items that struck him as worth while on his lecture tour of Germany and use them for an article in a magazine, he might have produced something enjoyable. As a book, the report looks padded. It opens with a murky introduction that attempts—in vain—to find a key to the riddle of Germany, is permeated by a vague mystique of nations as such, and promotes the theory that one reason why Nazism engulfed Germany was that the Germans were not sufficiently loved. Occasionally we come up against baffling passages, such as one that mentions "chaotic milk." Perhaps this is the translator's fault; but the book throughout abounds in similar phrases.

The author's basic technique is dangerous. Late at night, he meets some lonely souls in a beer garden. He listens to their teary tales, and arrives at trenchant philosophical conclusions. To him it is amazing how many German people are found drinking alone at night and not being happy about it. I wonder what he would find late at night in our New York bars? And what conclusions about the American character he would deduce?

Occasionally, Mr. Levi gives us comments on sculpture and painting that are a sheer delight. But much more frequently, he lets himself be seduced into speculations that betray a basic lack of logic. That he is amazed at the number of fat women in Munich only shows that he has not traveled much. A short flight to Amsterdam, for instance, might change his notion that corpulent women are uniquely Bavarian. And when he tries to promote the idea that Italian painters have given Italian women, even the enormous ones, an eternal standard of beauty from which they never deviate, he exposes himself to ridicule.

Mr. Levi is skeptical of wealth; he enjoys the proletariat so much more. He also appreciated East Berlin more than West Berlin, and to him both sectors are guilty of corresponding sins. Of course, he is entitled to his attitude; but when he infers after a short stay that the young East Berliners are happier than the West Berliners, the reader may be allowed some doubt. Mr. Levi is also entitled to his boredom with the memorial service for a prominent West German (really Viennese) dramatist. But why take us along? And why must the name be misspelled? Mr. Levi's range, it has become sadly apparent, is not wide or deep enough to cope with the intrinsic problems of a divided Germany.

—*Marilyn Gerson.*

Carlo Levi—"skeptical of wealth."

Eccentrics on the Outskirts

"It's a Big Continent," by Ben Lucien Burman *(McGraw-Hill. 238 pp. $4.95), introduces a host of salty characters encountered by the author from Mexico to the Arctic Circle. William L. Rivers has written articles for various publications. He is now an associate professor at the University of Texas.*

By WILLIAM L. RIVERS

ONE WONDERS whether Ben Lucien Burman realizes how useful a service he performed for other writers when he hit on a device for turning nine of his own wide-roaming articles into a book. The articles, which range from Mexico to the Arctic in geographic focus, would seem to defy unity. Burman unified them simply by having a loquacious bush pilot who travels under the name of "Dust Bowl" fly him from chapter to chapter.

Forecasting the future of this device is easy. Scores of magazine writers who have long despaired of ever finding the time to sustain books will soon be gathering their scattershot articles and trying to stitch them together with improbable pilots named "Mesabi Range" and "Dismal Swamp," all of whom will offer homey insights at the drop of a landing gear. There are thick days ahead for air traffic control.

Unfortunately, Burman's use of the "Dust Bowl" device is not only artificial but superfluous. "It's a Big Continent" has a curious unity without it. The reader who explores the Okefenokee with Burman hears stories of, among others, an old man who is so palsied that he can't cope with a cup of coffee but brings down all the game in sight by "catchin' 'em on the wobble," a near-blind hunter who kills wildcats by sighting in on the sound of their crawling, and a grizzled swamper who is so bad at his business that his family

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Dossier on a Deadly Invention

"The Irreversible Decision 1939-1950," by Robert C. Batchelder *(Houghton Mifflin. 269 pp. $5), calls for a "new ethic" with respect to the current nuclear situation. A military analyst, Telford Taylor is the author of "Sword and Swastika" and "March of Conquest."*

By TELFORD TAYLOR

THE PURPOSE of this work, in the author's words, is "to gain some insight into the moral problems involved in the use of nuclear weapons, and some understanding of the role and relevance of ethical considerations in the making of major policy decisions." The general approach is historical rather than theoretical. By far the greater part of the book is devoted to a description of the events surrounding the decisions to make atomic bombs and to drop them on Japanese cities, and to an analysis of the rights and wrongs of those decisions. Only in the brief concluding chapter is any effort made to apply the lessons thus gleaned from history to the ethical aspects of the formidable nuclear problems that face mankind today.

Within this rather narrow frame of reference, Mr. Batchelder's work is objective and lucid. He explodes a number of prevalent misconceptions and misunderstandings, and brings much common sense to bear on the ethical and strategic questions that President Truman and his advisers, and the scientists of those times, confronted.

The story of the birth and use of the atom bomb is full of ironies and "accidents." German scientists under Hitler abandoned serious efforts to construct such bombs because, aware of the scientific and material difficulties, they thought their enemies would find them insuperable. In America, their counterparts were moved chiefly by fear that the Germans would succeed in devising a bomb, and the scientists who persuaded President Roosevelt to support their project and who eventually produced the bomb—Szilard, Fermi, Teller, and others—were almost all in America because Hitler and Mussolini had driven them away from Europe.

Germany was defeated shortly before the first atomic explosion at Alamogordo, and many of these scientists then hoped that their terrible invention would never be used. But they could not govern the consequences of their own research, of which the first fruits were Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Robert C. Batchelder—"objective."

Was it "wrong" to drop these bombs? After carefully reviewing the evidence, Mr. Batchelder concludes that the Hiroshima bomb shortened the war and saved lives, but that probably the Nagasaki bomb was unnecessary. It is hard to quarrel with his findings but, as Mr. Batchelder points out, they do not completely answer the question, for some other course of action—such as a more imaginative diplomatic exploitation of Japanese surrender "feelers"—might have ended the war with still less loss of life. Furthermore, to gauge the "rightness" of Hiroshima solely in terms of its effect on the war with Japan is to ignore the broader and longer-term consequences of the act.

THESE consequences are so unpredictable that Mr. Batchelder is moved to dissatisfaction with the whole concept of "calculative ethics," and to declare that "no ethical theory is adequate which assumes that man, once he has determined the right course of action, can control events" or "that men can accurately predict the consequences of major social decisions." Yet a mere formalistic condemnation of all nuclear weapons runs into grievous factual and logical snags. The most lethal and destructive air raid of all time was neither Hiroshima nor Nagasaki; it was the March 29, 1945, low-level attack on Tokyo with incendiary bombs, which caused a fire-storm in which more than 100,000 perished and a million were rendered homeless.

Mr. Batchelder's book would have been even more timely and valuable if he had brought his factual material up to date, and thus taken account of such matters as the "admirals' revolt" of 1949, the Ridgway-Gavin-Maxwell Taylor writings, the new dimensions of warfare with ICBMs and hydrogen warheads, and the moratorium on testing and the ensuing Russian and American tests, to say nothing of new developments in chemical warfare. For the very title of his book suggests that the biggest decisions are pre-conditioned, if not pre-determined, by many preceding decisions and events, and much has happened in the last decade that must be taken into account in any ethical analysis of the nuclear problems of today and tomorrow.

Suppose, for example, we were to conclude that the use of the hydrogen bomb against centers of industry and population is an absolute and black sin, and unilaterally declare that the United States will never do such a thing. Should we then abandon nuclear testing, throw away our missiles and warheads, and scrap the shelter program? Or should we, rather, test as extensively as necessary to develop nuclear defenses against enemy missiles, expand our antisubmarine defenses, perfect tactical nuclear missiles for use against enemy firing-points, and at the same time harden our civilian defenses with shelters and antiradiation clothing?

CERTAINLY such questions are relevant to any "calculative" ethical analysis of the current nuclear situation. Mr. Batchelder calls, in his conclusion, for a "new ethic" including "both formalistic and calculative elements." Yet it may be that the distinction between these "elements" is not so sharp as the author implies.

Most basic ethical standards—that it is good to be kind and bad to be cruel, good to save life and bad to kill—are "formalistic" in the sense that they cannot be "proved" in a Euclidean sense. Yet at bottom they are "calculative" because they are believed to promote survival and society. Difficult as it may be to predict consequences and often as the consequences may surprise us, nuclear problems are not intrinsically unique, and will have to be approached and resolved with the same resources of mind and spirit that men have brought to bear on other matters, great and small.

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A City Dedicated to Peace

"Children of the Ashes: The Story of a Rebirth," by Robert Jungk *(Harcourt, Brace & World. 306 pp. $4.95), tells how the blinded and burned survivors of the twenty-kiloton killer rebuilt Hiroshima. Dr. Donald Szantho Harrington is minister of The Community Church of New York.*

By DONALD S. HARRINGTON

SHIVERING in the shadow of the fifty- or one-hundred-megaton hydrogen bomb, we American city dwellers should be interested in this story of what happened in the modern Japanese city of Hiroshima when, on August 6, 1945, we dropped upon it that small, primitive, twenty-kiloton killer. Heavily censored dispatches indicated that tens of thousands had perished in a single instant, but that was all that we read. People had either died or survived.

Such was not the case. Here, for the first time, is the true story, the full story, of the city of Hiroshima and its people from the moment the bomb burst down to today. Tens of thousands did die, yes. One survivor could point to a little pile of ashes and say, "That is all that remains of three generations of our family." But for everyone who died in a split second of time, a thousand were left alive—blinded, half fried, still breathing, their flesh cooked off their bones, crippled, trying to drag themselves to water. Thousands more were blistered, scarred, made hideous to look upon, permanently shocked and dispirited. Many who appeared to have survived became sick and slowly wasted away, or crawled off into holes of isolation, afraid to mix or marry for fear of giving birth to monsters instead of men.

If the U.S. Government had told the Japanese what kind of bomb had been dropped, so that the doctors would have known what to do for the injured civilians, thousands of lives could have been saved, and many thousands could have been spared the damage that resulted from too early an effort to pick through the ruins. The death rate in Hiroshima is still well above the national average, so are the birth deformities, and now, sixteen years later, all kinds of secondary illnesses are showing up and bringing premature debility and death to the survivors of "that day" when men for the first time dropped an atom bomb upon a beautiful and unsuspecting city.

Hiroshima has been rebuilt, and it is a miraculous story that Robert Jungk tells of its rebuilding. The people did not abandon their town. They did not even run away. Individuals rose to the challenge, some good, some bad. The scavengers didn't take long to discover a chance to snatch the land of those who had been evaporated, and starving multitudes repatriated from Manchuria made themselves quickly at home. But a great, new city rose out of the ashes of the old, a city dedicated to perpetual peace.

Yet somehow, through it all, the original victims were more and more forgotten. The American military government permitted no discussion of what had happened in the Japanese or American press. The maimed were, as far as possible, pushed out of sight and out of mind. The Americans built a huge Research Institute to study the crippled survivors, hoping to glean knowledge useful for the future in this atomic weapons age. They called them in, one by one, out of their holes and huts and hiding places, with their purple keloids and massive scars. They made elaborate case histories, deep, diagnostic studies, statistical charts, and carried on a systematic search for dead bodies for post mortems. They did everything but treat these victims. Hav-

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CAPRICES: In the set of engravings called "Los Caprichos," Francisco Goya vented his rage at the fickleness of women (especially the Duchess of Alba), the abuses of the clergy, and the intrigues and pretensions of life in court circles. "The Dream of Lies and Inconstancy" portrays the faithless Duchess with two faces and Goya himself clinging to her arm; "To His Grandfather" satirizes the royal favorite Godoy's obsession with his ancestry, and "They Already Have a Seat" recommends putting chairs on the heads of girls to make them settle down. The Spanish artist's long, stormy life is depicted in **"Goya: A Pictorial Biography,"** by Vyvyan Holland (Viking, $5.95).

"The Dream of Lies and Inconstancy."

"They Already Have a Seat."

"To His Grandfather."

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One Year Later

"I AM curious," a reader writes, "to learn what has happened since you wrote an editorial exactly a year ago announcing the sale of *SR* to the McCall Corporation. You were most candid in making known the various facts involved in the decision to sell. You took your readers into your confidence in telling them about your discussions with Norton Simon, Herbert Mayes, and Governor Langlie, of McCall's. You expressed a considerably high confidence in these men, representing the new ownership. Have things gone as you had hoped? Has your confidence in the top management of McCall's been justified?"

A number of other readers have written similar requests. We are glad to comply.

Fifty-two issues have now been published under the new ownership. Those issues have included approximately 2,000 separate items of editorial material. Not one of those items appeared at the direction of McCall's. Not a single request has been made of the editors to favor or oppose any viewpoint. Not a single criticism has been made of any opinion expressed on this page—or any other in the magazine. Nor have there been any business pressures.

The position of the McCall Corporation is simple enough: It stands ready to be helpful at all times but any initiative in that direction will have to come from *SR* itself. Mr. Simon specified at the outset that he would not attempt to second-guess us; he would confine his concern to those conditions that would enable us to function most effectively and creatively. And it would be up to us to say if we wanted to use any of the facilities available to us.

This we are doing in various ways, mostly of a business nature. We have taken advantage of McCall's purchasing facilities and have effected some economies thereby. On the editorial side, we believe there is room for improvement in the general format of the magazine, beginning with the cover. We should like greater distinction, strength, and consistency in the layout. At the same time, we want to retain the old simplicity and directness of presentation. We don't want a brand-new face just for the sake of looking "modern." And we certainly don't want the kind of artistic professionalism that will make us look like everyone else. At any rate, we've asked McCall's to help us on the problem, which it is doing.

In short, every representation made to us about *SR*'s independence of operation has been honored. Naturally, we have attempted to justify this kind of confidence by putting out the best magazine within our capacity. We have by no means completed all the elements in the editorial program we have been putting into effect piece by piece over the past decade. We want to do a better job of orchestrating the various sections of the magazine; we get the impression sometimes that we are too uneven. We'd like to improve our on-the-spot reports from other countries, with the emphasis on what is being written and talked about. And we aim to give sustained thought to the entire question of book reviewing.

The main question about book reviewing is whether we should attempt a broad coverage of the new titles or do a highly selective treatment. The argument for broad coverage is that our readers have diversified interests and that a distinct service can be performed by reporting as fully as possible on the literary output. In order to do this properly, however, we would have to use virtually the entire magazine. But if we decide to concentrate on a relatively small number of books of high quality, we run into two difficulties. The first is that we would detach ourselves from the general literary flow. The second is that not enough really interesting books are published each week to justify such specialized, essay-review type of handling. As a result, our policy has been something of a straddle. We try to give some idea of what is happening in the literary marketplace and we also try to provide highlight treatment when indicated. This seems to work out fairly well, for the most part, but there are times when we suffer the fate of most straddlers and fall smack in the middle. At any rate, we are concerned with the problem; don't be surprised if you observe some experimentation in the coming months.

In sum, whatever uneasy feelings we have about the magazine have nothing to do with the new ownership. Shifting now from the editorial "we" to the first person singular, I have been increasingly troubled about the extent to which I have allowed *SR* to reflect my personal interests and concerns. I have wondered whether I have gone far beyond reasonable limits in using this page as a combination reflector and magnifying system for my obsessions and preoccupations, particularly in the area of nuclear problems and peace.

Two months ago, for example, I had almost reached the point where I felt I had to ration my appearance on the editorial page, lest I overstep the proprieties. At precisely that point, however, something happened that emboldened and heartened me more than any single development since I came to the magazine. I had written an editorial suggesting a Society for Individual Responsibility. More than 1,000 readers wrote to say they were establishing SIR units in their communities. Those letters, with their comments on the magazine, have provided an almost magical transfusion. It will be some time before I catch up with the mail. In the meantime, let me take advantage of this space to express my thanks.

—N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

REPORT FROM THE CONGO

AMID THE DOUBTS and confusion over the action of the United Nations in the Congo, N.C.'s "Report from the Congo" [*SR*, Feb. 3] lightens the dark corners created by all the conflicting reports. With clarity and insight the complications of the Congo situation, like the pieces of a puzzle, fall properly in place.

It is my hope that every Senator and every Congressman will read this report before voting on the U.N. bond issue. Perhaps *SR* readers, sharing this wish, will send their February 3 issue to their Congressman or Senator.

STEPHANIE M. MAY.

Bloomfield, Conn.

I HAVE JUST finished reading "Report from the Congo." I want to thank you for the very accurate article on my country. I was in Leopoldville—my city—before and after our independence, and I even participated in some of the political activities, so I can see how accurate the article is.

I have been quite disappointed by most of the articles about the Congo in American newspapers. They just pick up some aspects of the situation, then call us savages and barbarians without trying to judge or to find the causes behind the facts. Yours was the first article I read that tried to analyze the Congo problem in its many aspects.

ROBERT YOUDI.

Eugene, Ore.

THE COMPREHENSIVE and challenging "Report from the Congo" should be required reading for all persons who doubt the worth of the United Nations and particularly the value of the operation in the Congo.

Through U.N. action a situation like that in Korea, which could have led to World War III, was prevented and the groundwork laid for what may well prove to be a united and viable government. But, as N.C. points out, the military activity of the U.N. was far from the only contribution of the world organization. It is frightening to think what might have happened if it had not been for the economic and social rehabilitation program of the U.N. in the Congo.

That the task is not finished, U.N. officials would be the first to admit. That it has been successful in preventing chaos and large-scale war, no one should doubt. That it must be carried on, whatever the cost, until true peace and stability come to the Congo is obvious. The U.N. undertook its most difficult assignment in the Congo, and with the support of an awakened and sympathetic world community it can succeed.

PALMER VAN GUNDY.

Glendale, Calif.

THE LAW AND MR. KOVACS

IN THE PHOENIX NEST there appears a laudatory article on the late Ernie Kovacs [*SR*, Feb. 10] that raises a question. Its last episode describes Ernie, caught by a policeman while running a stop sign, using his car phone to call up the cop's superior, and then handing the phone to the embarrassed officer. The inference is that Ernie has beaten the rap through influence.

Is our admiration for this sort of thing one of the reasons why our children grow up so confused when they have to face the more desperate morality of the atom bomb, or so muddled that they feel it worthwhile to sabotage the United Nations for the sake of such pitiful gains as Suez and Goa?

H. B. ATLEE, M.D.

Halifax, N. S.

"Boy! If they could see your corporate image now."

BOOK BANNERS AND THE BIBLE

THE REPORT IN TRADE WINDS concerning censorship groups and objectionable literature [*SR*, Jan. 27] leads me as a clergyman to hope these groups don't discover the Bible, or that book will also be on the forbidden list in these and other areas. It is a blessing in disguise that some people don't read the Bible.

(The Rev.) H. RICHARD RASMUSSON.

West Lafayette, Ind.

BUILDING FOR WHAT?

IN HIS REVIEW of James R. Newman's "The Rule of Folly" [*SR*, Feb. 10] Charles Porter suggests that what the Arms Control and Disarmanent Agency needs is "a technical staff at least as good as that of the Atomic Energy Commission and the Department of Defense . . . a building of its own . . . a public affairs program to promote the investigation and discussion of analyses such as that offered by Newman . . ." and all the usual paraphernalia associated with bureaucracy.

Does it really need to be reiterated that inspiration for great people and great ideas does not necessarily come from governmental spending for such materialistic trappings? Mr. Porter suggests that the building be "as big and handsome as the massive pile recently completed to house the Central Intelligence Agency." Let me suggest that there are at present sufficient "piles" such as this in Washington to keep people shoveling for years.

ROBERT R. KNAPP.

San Diego, Calif.

SCOREBOARD

READERS OF *SR* may be interested to know that N.C.'s recent series on fallout shelters is warmly supported by the "Opinion Please" program of Columbia Broadcasting Company. I listened not long ago to a live popular discussion of the question: "Should Governor Rockefeller's bill to expend $100 million for fallout shelters be repealed?" Anyone in the New York metropolitan area was invited to telephone in his answer, with a three-minute time limit: "Give your name and borough, and *your* opinion, not that of an organization."

I counted seventeen votes for repeal against three to sustain. The chief argument was that shelters cost too much and are no good anyway. The voices and accents were clearly from the lower income brackets with two exceptions. One expert knew and named the six effects of a nuclear burst, and one "intelligence service" man, who refused to give his name, supported the bill in highly literate terms.

"Opinion Please" does not produce a scientific sample of American adults, or even of New York City adults. But seventeen to three is a big margin for random telephone callers. The seventeen had a very lively idea of the catastrophic effects of a twenty-megaton bomb. They may well represent a wide area of national skepticism.

STUART CHASE.

Georgetown, Conn.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Long, Long Night

WITH the arguments over whether "L'Avventura" is a screen classic or a bore not yet abated, the same director's "La Notte" is here to prove that the style of "L'Avventura" was no accident, and that Michelangelo Antonioni has his personal and accomplished way of telling a film story. In "La Notte" there is the by now recognizable deliberateness with which image follows image, and again the abstracted quality which suggests an estrangement between the people and their backgrounds. If there is a technical trick involved, it would seem to lie in Antonioni's editing method. He trades on the filmgoer's conditioning to the usual cuts, fades, and dissolves, and consciously disturbs accustomed rhythms, which is tantamount to doing away with dramatic emphasis.

When a particular scene has made its point, this director (or his editing assistant) does not immediately cut away to something else, but allows the scene to remain on the screen for a time. Assuming my stories are invented, he seems to say, I nevertheless wish them to proceed in as lifelike a manner as possible. Whether his script calls for it or not, he appears to be telling his actors to go on, to continue as though their scene *were* life. This technique is certainly reminiscent of what we here call "The Method," applied to both the direction and the acting. It has its dangers, of course. The spectator may uncomfortably wonder why the story doesn't continue. On the other hand, he can find himself forced into a deeper involvement than might otherwise have been possible.

I find myself among the latter group. With an obvious conflict eliminated, and sentiment and sentimentality banished, there is time to puzzle over the fleeting change of expression in a woman's face, to sense nuances that may occur when it is simply a matter of two people standing next to each other with nothing to say. It is as though the story were composed in stretched-out moments of time, with succeeding moments shedding meaning over what has gone before. Abhorred, in this method, is the familiar, the cinematic cliché. Lighting, oblique camera vantage points, and the editing mentioned above are not used for an experimental purpose, however, but to create the limpid, sometimes languid atmosphere of the story.

For "La Notte" Antonioni has the superlative actress Jeanne Moreau, and the equally fine Marcello Mastroianni, to portray a sophisticated Italian couple who find themselves drifting away from each other. The marriage tie is there and acknowledged, but the function of the relationship is missing. The husband is a successful novelist who has lost a sense of meaning of what he does and why he does it. When the couple visits a dying friend at a hospital, the husband, while alone in a corridor, is accosted by a hysterical patient who avidly offers herself to him. It is the strange eroticism of this encounter that attracts and disturbs him. Later, he meets a rich young girl (Monica Vitti) at a party held at her father's estate, and there is a nocturnal and unsatisfactory pursuit by him, which ends as despairingly and meaninglessly as it has begun.

As for the wife, she too wanders through the party, participating emptily in its empty pleasures. Her own passion has become muted; she is childless, lives in a modern Milan apartment, inhabits the fringes of a luxurious, materialistic environment. Like most of Antonioni's people, the people of "La Notte" never seem to do any work; they only talk about it occasionally. And they also only talk about emotion, perhaps vaguely hoping to break through into some deeper area. When the wife contemplates a momentary infidelity, she has not the inclination or desire to follow through on her impulse. And, when at the end of the long night, she reads her husband an old love letter, he does not recognize the words he has written her himself.

None of this makes for strong drama. Antonioni would seem to have no use for charged passions, for the ordinary dramatic climax. The film, however, does add up to an implied, but powerful, comment on the lives of intelligent "problem" people. They drift, they talk cleverly, they sometimes indulge in purposeless eroticism, but never find their way out of themselves. They look curiously at the blank façades of the modern structures of Milan, and do not find themselves reflected. There is no doubt that this gifted Italian director is using the screen medium in a new way and for his own purposes. His bent is reflective and literary. Like some of the newer novelists, he is exploring the vaguer reaches of unhappiness, and it is undeniably fascinating to watch his people wander sadly, beautifully, in their intelligent anguish.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

An Italian Breeze

THE SECRET of the Old Vic's exciting new production of "**Romeo and Juliet**" is that it is playful in the best sense of the word. Its Italian director, Franco Zeffirelli, has approached the English classic without reverence or reticence. To him it is just another play in which each situation must be made credible, theatrically effective, and above all vital. As far as he is concerned, the poetry in this early Shakespeare play is "second-class," and even if it is better than he rates it, he prefers to let it take care of itself and concentrate on the action.

To help his approach he has designed a massive sun-baked Italian street to create a Verona in which danger can lurk, suddenly erupt, and quickly subside. He has peopled it with young Montagus and Capulets who are not effete courtiers but young hell-raisers. And throughout the play his concentration stays on the hot-blooded portion of the proceedings, with scant concern for any likelihood that the deaths of the lovers will stop vendettas for very long.

John Stride plays Romeo as an emotional but extremely normal young man. He is one of the gang, and we feel that had he not wooed Juliet, almost any of his cronies could have substituted for him. The most colorful member of his group is, of course, Mercutio, and Edward Atienza portrays him as a mimicking buffoon. In his hands the "Queen Mab" speech is one more opportunity to ridicule love and the words became just an excuse for a rapid series of sarcastic acrobatic poses. Even in his fatal duel with Tybalt he appears almost more concerned with showing his opponent up as an overelegant sissy than he is in defeating him.

As Juliet, Joanna Dunham manages by sheer performing partly to surmount personal qualities that are not ideal for the role. Although she is young and pretty, Miss Dunham emanates such strength and determination that we cannot believe that she could not have organized the whole love affair more efficiently, or that she wouldn't pull herself together to live on after Romeo's death. She is at her best in the balcony scene, as indeed is Mr. Stride.

To make the scene work better than I have ever seen it do, Mr. Zeffirelli uses a simple design principle. He constructs his balcony as the inner parapet of a high wall stretching all the way across the back of the stage. This gives both actors running room so that the scene can now be played with a great deal of movement. Juliet scampers back and forth laterally, as prompted by her emotional impulses, to give the scene a Punch-and-Judy-show quality. And, when the spirit moves him, Romeo rushes upstage and climbs the wall. Thus, instead of the usual poetic and static reciting of sentiments, we have two hot-blooded kids trying to get at each other, with all the awkwardness and embarrassment of inexperienced lovers. The result is highly entertaining and predominantly humorous.

The tragedy works somewhat less well. Again Mr. Zeffirelli casts aside reserve and there is much all-out sobbing and hasty-tempered acts, the best of which is perhaps the moment when Romeo throws Friar Lawrence's Bible on the floor as his reaction to appeasement. And the bedroom with its high-canopied bed makes a stunning set reminiscent of Christian Bérard. Yet the narrative part of the play appears to bore the actors and self-revelation seems to interest them less than action. Thus this "Romeo and Juliet" emerges as more adventure story than tragedy, but its vigor and the way its young performers plunge into it not only compensate for any loss of grandeur, but also mark Mr. Zeffirelli as a working, as opposed to a theoretical, director who may invigorate the Broadway theatre a bit next fall when he hopes to stage a "young" "Camille" here with Susan Strasberg and Paul Newman.

THE Off-Broadway revival of "**The Golden Apple**" at the York Theatre is a pleasant event that not only reminds us of the superior quality of Jerome Moross and the late John Latouche, but reveals a surprising wealth of skilled young talents. These include Robert Turoff, who has staged this fanciful version of "The Odyssey" imaginatively; Bill Hargate, whose simple but stylish settings perform as much as do the actors; Roberta MacDonald as a "Hail-Helen-well-met" who can tumble down the notes of "Lazy Afternoon" making all the stops in what is perhaps the most lushly seductive musical comedy song ever written; Swen Swenson, who again thrives as the spirit of illicit pleasures, and Jane Connell, whose individual brand of humor gives a much-needed spontaneity to an admirable and ingenious work that, because it is all sung in formal couplets, can occasionally seem studied.

—HENRY HEWES.

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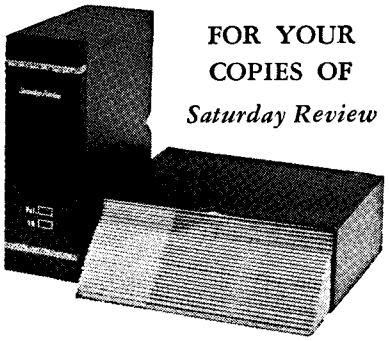

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TV AND RADIO

The Return of Howard K. Smith

THE TITLES of regularly scheduled network news and public affairs programs are usually vague and rarely significant. "News and Comment," the name of the new Howard K. Smith half-hour series (Wednesday evenings, ABC-TV), is an exception. This title is meant to indicate clearly what the former CBS journalist is attempting to do—both report the news and comment on it. Mr. Smith, as is generally known, resigned from CBS some months ago as a result of differences with that network's management over the subtleties of "commenting," "reporting," "analyzing," "interpreting," etc. [*SR*, Nov. 18]. He was hired shortly thereafter by James C. Hagerty, ABC's vice president in charge of news and public affairs. When Mr. Hagerty testified at the recent FCC network hearings in Washington, a commissioner asked him why the newscaster could do at ABC what he was obviously not permitted to do at CBS. Mr. Hagerty replied that he couldn't speak for any other network but he was sure that he and Howard K. Smith would have no trouble getting along.

On his first ABC program the newscaster chose to "comment" on the biggest news story of our time—the Cold War. The broadcast was not representative of what Mr. Smith is likely to attempt every week. He wanted first to "lay a foundation" for future reports and commentaries in which he would deal with events of the week. His analysis of why the Russians seem to have the better of us in the continuing game of antagonistic peace—despite the fact that our power potential is greater—was lucid, though put in general terms. One could not quarrel with his suggestion that this nation needs to learn new attitudes which can yield the right mix of softness and toughness in dealing with the Soviet Union. Nor could many take exception to Mr. Smith's stress on the importance of education as an ultimate weapon in the Cold War. His generalized approach could not avoid oversimplification, but this price was inevitable for so broad a subject in so brief an essay. We hope that in future programs, dealing with specific events, the TV journalist can suggest details of "the right mix," can be somewhat more specific.

Mr. Smith seemed to be urging a tougher challenge in the academic disciplines for all children. He interviewed Arthur Trace, author of "What Ivan Knows that Johnny Doesn't." Russian children are ahead of ours, the author said, in vocabulary, history, languages. Perhaps so — but many educators would ask what are the implications, for a democratic society, of rigorous standards which give short shrift to individual differences in learners. Still, if this be editorializing one wonders what CBS was so afraid of. Viewers may differ with Mr. Smith's "comments" but he is responsible, forthright, and informed.

UNTIL Howard K. Smith hits his stride and reveals the true degree of incisiveness in his comments, the chief interest in his new show is his attempt ("an experiment in TV journalism") to do a "commentary on the news" as opposed to a documentary. He recalled in a preface, "the golden age of radio," when Americans could tune in, at the dinner hour, half a dozen well-informed commentaries on the news. They helped, Mr. Smith said, in the nation's transition from isolation to acceptance of our leadership in world affairs. The "experiment" will be viewed with interest in the profession. First, Smith is obviously going for the story line carried by ideas and not by pictures (the current fashion). His initial show was what the trade would call an "illustrated lecture." Nevertheless, it held attention, and the half-hour was not slow. Second, the question is: Can one man keep it up, week after week, maneuvering a good idea successfully past the monstrous apparatus and the legion of its technical specialists? If he can, he will make a giant contribution to television's great need for telling us not only *that* a thing is but also *what* it is.

Third, who will be there watching if he does? Voices from Europe were a novelty when Kaltenborn, Swing, Murrow, et al., covered the rising war beat in the 1930s. There was national consensus—we were intensely and personally involved. Today there's still consensus and involvement, but where is the personal intensity? Largely, Mr. Smith will be carrying information to the informed. The bigger crowds — the ones who really need it — will be elsewhere at the escape dials. This is news, too — crying for commentary.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

If you love children, your heart will go out to Tommy Littleraven, a 9-year-old American Indian boy who is attending school off the reservation for the first time. Going to school in town frightens Tommy. He is afraid that his non-Indian schoolmates are laughing at his tattered clothing, at his faulty English.

He yearns to join the school club, buy personal books, clothing, go out for a soda with the other boys. But his parents are too poor to give him pocket money. And so Tommy wanders off by himself and dreams that someday he will have the money to do what his non-Indian schoolmates do.

if you love children

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Nadia Boulanger—Corelli, Lewis

AS A platform from which to direct attention to the seventy-fifth year of Nadia Boulanger's valuable life, no more suitable one could be found than Carnegie Hall's when it is also occupied by the New York Philharmonic. For without Mme. Boulanger's Parisian lecture room as a base in the early Twenties, there might have been no compositional career for Aaron Copland, and without Copland's early encouragement, there could very well have been no Leonard Bernstein as music director of the Philharmonic now.

In a very real sense, then, the lady who has been helping Americans (and others, including Dinu Lipatti) find their musical way for forty years was host as well as guest on this unique occasion. Mme. Boulanger had only her own precedent, in 1939, as the first woman to conduct the Philharmonic. (Then she had half a program.) This was hardly more rare than the spirit of selflessness in which this music was made. For Mme. Boulanger is one of those select few to whom music is a faith which one professes, rather than a profession in which one has faith.

For all the fact that she is not a composer, this was an all-Boulanger program, beginning with the "Requiem" of Gabriel Fauré, with whom she studied, proceeding with the "A Solemn Music" of Virgil Thomson, whom she taught, and concluding with three Psalms by her sister Lili, whose memory is still a living part of her functioning, though her life ended even before World War I. Each had its distinctions, but the Fauré, not so much performed as re-enacted, was one of those cherishable experiences which brings life not only to a work of art but also to the artist whose work it is.

As those who have been exposed to an infrequent performance know, this is an anti-orthodox Requiem, more a confession of faith than an impassioned exposition of it. Mme. Boulanger's evocation of it from the reduced orchestra, the Choral Art Society, and soloists Donald Gramm and Reri Grist was as remarkable for its low-pressure intensity as it was for its high pitch of musical expression. There was, for an exception, no sense of intercession, rather a sensation of Fauré communicating himself.

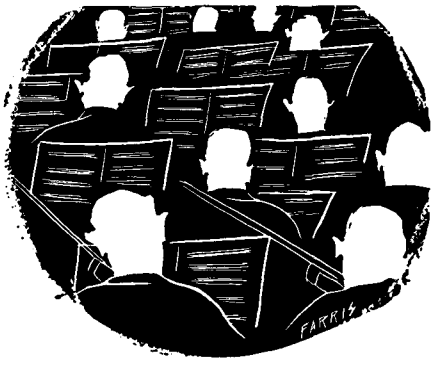
This kind of illusion, needless to say, doesn't come about by itself: the technique of creating it calls for skills of the highest order. Too often the interaction of choral and orchestral elements results in a mixture rather than a blend, with each element retaining its identity rather than producing a new, combined whole. Mme. Boulanger's special art related much to setting her volume level to the comfortable capacity of the human instruments, and making the man-made ones conform to it, instead of (as is too often the case) vice versa. This is akin to voicing a piano or organ —though here, in fact, it was the orchestra that was "voiced." The interesting corollary to it all was that the Philharmonic sounded several shades purer and more resonant than it has of late, being under no pressure to force or overblow.

The qualities of mind and spirit that Lili Boulanger developed in her brief twenty-five years of life were eloquently attested by the settings of Psalms 130, 129, and 24 (the first and last with tenor Robert Eckert, the second with the ever more able Gramm as baritone soloist). This is, as such music should be, timeless, neither of, nor in, a mode, broadly expressive of its national heritage. William Jonson deserves a share of credit for the excellent singing of the group he supervises.

IN the years (fifteen) since she first performed Salome at the City Center, Brenda Lewis has intensified more than a little the detail and dramatic point of her acting, keyed the insatiate impulse of the Princess several tones higher, and perfected an authentic-appearing Dance of the Seven Veils which has more than a modicum of the hypnotic. All these things made her first venture with the role at the Metropolitan something which may, for a Salome, be paradoxical but is nevertheless praise—a very respectable impersonation.

What Miss Lewis could not then and cannot now do is to give the vocal line its Straussian due in thrust, scope, or mere beauty of sound. She knows, clearly enough, how it should come out, for the words are given a constantly meaningful inflection, and her rhythms are accurate. But the difficulties at the top and bottom are compounded by a rough spot in the range of F, F sharp, and G in which she tends to be around rather than on pitch. What she did within these limitations she did intelligently and artistically, including some well-calculated, properly repellent fingering of the "head." Though otherwise composed of the same participants seen previously, the performance directed by Joseph Rosenstock had more consistent interest than before. To judge from a more than casual number of empty seats (especially downstairs) there is consumer resistance to this "Salome" *seul*.

Among a dozen who have undertaken the tenor role of "Aida" on the Metropolitan stage in the last decade or so (and been overtaken by their shortcomings), Franco Corelli is one whose stature becomes Radames, as Verdi's music becomes the voice he has to dispose. It would be fueling a famous fire to mention his and Mario del Monaco's attributes in the same sentence, but (as I don't employ either) the opinion may be ventured that Corelli has the qualities to match, even to exceed his *alter ego* (if that is a permissible idiom) in time. For Corelli has the vocal ratio to use what is, for him, low gear in the ordinary passages of Radames, and save his overdrive for the climaxes. The sound was bright, well-centered, and, if slightly metallic, at least with the ring of a vibrant substance well struck. A counter-commitment prevented attention to more than an act, but Radames is assuredly a part he will sing here often and to increasing effect.



The orchestra of the evening was the Minneapolis Symphony, making its first visit to Carnegie Hall under the direction of Stanislaw Skrowaczewski. He did the easy music of the program (Webern's "Six Pieces") with poise and assurance, but the more difficult (Mozart's E flat Symphony and the E minor of Brahms) with somewhat more effort and less gratifying results. This is an inversion of the values conventionally assigned to Mozart and Brahms vis-à-vis Webern, but it is clear that Skrowaczewski's musical culture is rooted in the present and recent past, that it takes to other soil less readily. The sound of the Minneapolis strings is more vibrant than it used to be, the response of the players to their leader complete.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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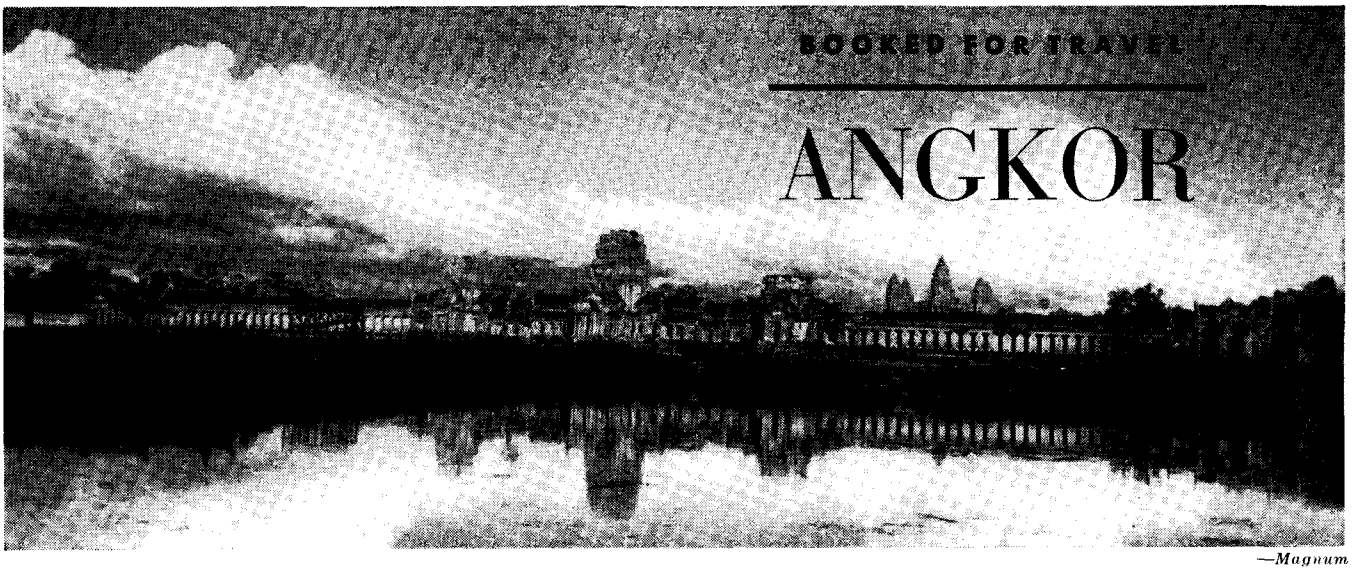
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

ANGKOR



—*Magnum*

THIS IS ANGKOR WAT, the terraces running for nearly a mile along the moat. Like many temples, it is decorated with the carved imprint of the Heavenly Dancers, right, born of the sun-kissed sea foam. The figures, immediate right, stand as sentries along the pathway that leads to the South Gate of Angkor Thom, a vast jungle city of temples, terraces, plazas, and statuary from a brilliant period of Asian culture.

—*H.S.*

—*H.S.*

—*Magnum*

—*H.S.*

An early work was Banteay Srei, above, fussy and delicate as a baroque castle. All Angkor bears the Indian influence so clearly seen in the maidens at right.

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IN the year 1350, by which time England under Edward III was only thirteen years along in its hundred-year war with France, the Thais, far off in Southeast Asia, feeling their oats, moved their capital to Ayudhya, the better to carry off raids on the fabled city of Angkor. From that year onward, until 1431 when they finally moved in and sacked Angkor and left it for posterity to find in 1861, the Thais, and their adversaries the Khmers, known these days as Cambodians, embarked on a ninety-year war of their own.

—*Ewing Krainin*

England and France have long since come around, but anyone traveling in Southeast Asia today will be aware that the Thais and the Khmers have undoubtedly set the world's distance record for grudges, having been at it now for better than five hundred years. The latest scrimmage broke out over the rightful ownership of a temple near the border which the Cambodians insist belongs to them, but which is now occupied by Thais. Then, too, there is a local version of the East-West struggle. The Thais, strongly pro-Western, have been accused by the Cambodians of being a U.S. satellite. The modern Khmers, taking aid from all sides—Russia, the United States, and China, to mention the principal donors—and calling themselves neutral, have been called other unkind things by the Thais.

All communications between the neighboring countries are now in a state of suspension, as indeed they were when I was last in these parts three years ago, and the border is closed except for the planes of other nations. Thus it was, the other steaming January day, that we flew off from Bangkok in a DC-3 of Air Viet Nam, a plane that was on its way to Saigon and would make an intermediate stop in Siem Reap in the northwest corner of Cambodia, four miles from Angkor.

With the tourist business all but choked off, our plane, packed to the hat racks, was met with some enthusiasm, if not by the immigration and customs officials, at least by the representatives of the two main hostelries, the Grand, a huge and aging hotel in the town of Siem Reap, from which we had earlier been warned away, and the Auberge Royale des Temples, a Cambodian motel just across the moat from the ruins of Angkor Wat. Such a lively competition exists between the agents of both these establishments that I was surprised some time later to find out that they were both owned by the same company which does business under the rather grand façade of the Société Khmère des Auberges Royales. The prices are the same in both places and both are managed by French overseas hotel managers, the Grand by the ex-director of the Hotel Balimar at Rabat, Morocco, and the Auberge by the former manager of the St. George in Algiers. The Société provides not only bed and what passes for board, but it maintains motor coaches, private cars, Jeeps, Land Rovers, elephants, and guides. The cars and buses are new, the elephants small by elephantine standards, and the guides young, sneaker-shod, and needing nothing so much as a Berlitz cram course in English. The only guidebook on hand is Henri Parmentier's "Guide to Angkor," a turgid hodgepodge of detailed history and architectural archeology suffering both from the translation and the price, which at the ruins is double what it sells for in Phnom Penh. The National Tourist Office of Cambodia publishes an excellent guide called "A Preface to Angkor," which, for reasons you had better take up with the Cambodians, is not available at the ruins. Heavens, neither is potable water unless you want to pay a dollar a bottle for Évian dragged all the way from the shores of Lake Geneva.

All of these housekeeping problems are belittled by the enormity of Angkor Wat, a great long gray battlement nearly one mile long and three-quarters of a mile wide, facing the new arrivals at the Auberge across a broad moat. The afternoon sun bathed all of it in pink, and puffy white clouds rose behind it the afternoon I arrived. Engaging a guide who I was certain would have been a truant had he been domiciled in a center of more formal education, we set off on the long causeway that leads to the inner courts of this enormous relic that was built in the twelfth century when Europe was at work on its best-known cathedrals. Lotus blossoms were scattered along the edge of the moat, in which ladies and water buffalo bathed, and a monk wrapped in a brilliant saffron-hued robe squatted in the shade of a tree by the water's edge. I wish now that I had sat on the wall of the causeway with my feet over the side and reflected on the enormity of what the Khmers have left. It was a civilization that began in the 800s and was ended in six centuries. At its height the empire of the Khmers included much of Thailand, Laos, Burma, parts of China, and of Cochin China and Annam, which were welded into Viet Nam. Their religion was influenced by the Indians who wandered eastward to the Pacific looking for spices, teaching their beliefs, Sanskrit, their sacred language, and their art. The Khmers took the religion of the Brahmans and adapted the art. As this kingdom of rice growers was unified, took strength, and became rich, each king felt the compelling need to assure his immortality in one life or another by building in his mortal time a giant temple brimming with art and beauty. The place where he had worshipped during his life became a funerary temple at his death. Sometimes it held his ashes. No successor to the throne of the Khmers was willing to inhabit the temple of the late king. A new sanctuary had to be built until across a jungle area of some 375 square miles there were over a hundred temples, at least a dozen of them as large as the Cathedral at Rheims. There are Khmer temples in Laos and Viet Nam, and in the area around Siem Reap alone there is enough to keep the diligent sightseer busy for a week.

OF it all, Angkor Wat is the supreme work, a maze of decorated galleries, of walls and temples rising to a cluster of five towers, the highest soaring eighteen stories above the palms, the banyans, and the bush. Its builder was King Suryavarman II, who reigned early in the twelfth century at a time when the Khmers had spread their power from the China Sea to the Indian Ocean. A Buddhist monk strolled down the causeway shielded from the afternoon sun by what had been a saffron umbrella faded now to yellow, and we followed him until we turned off to walk the galleries that run for 800 feet, every inch decorated with bas-relief. An army of monkeys fights an army of demons in a borrowed Indian epic. "See, very funny, the monkey crunch the mouth of a horse," observed my guide. Other epic struggles filled another gallery. "See the dragon crunching one woman," offered my mentor. But there were gentler scenes. On other panels that have remained over 800 years, the Heavenly Dancers, the *apsaras*, gamboled lightly on lotus blossoms, scantily clad except for their gaudy headdresses.

In the dark of the Cambodian night we returned once more to Angkor Wat to watch the descendants of the *apsaras* perform classical Khmer dances. Young boys and girls met us at the moat and convoyed us along the causeway, lighting the way with small smudge pots

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made from old condensed milk cans. Comfortable chairs had been set up and portable lights threw giant shadows against the ancient walls. In a chair in front of me, twicking his mustache now and then, sat Dean Acheson and a party of Cambodians. The tinkling music began and the dancers came on, stilted and slow, posing and gesticulating, encased in masks and splendid costumes, ankle bracelets and great headdresses.

In his book on Angkor, Malcolm MacDonald, the former British High Commissioner for Southeast Asia, recounts a theory on the scanty costumes of the *apsaras* compared with the overdressed classical dancers of today, a theory advanced by Cambodia's Chief of State Prince Sihanouk. Performing in the hotlands, the dancers of the ancient Khmer court dressed as they appear now in the bas-reliefs of Angkor. When Angkor was captured by the Thais in the fifteenth century the Royal Ballet Company was somehow left behind, and spirited away to Siam by the conquerors. There they became royal dancers to the monarchs of Siam, but since the Thai race had originated in the north, their ideas about clothing were different. They adopted the Cambodian style of dancing, but insisted not merely on covering the naked savages from Angkor but on dressing them in splendid costumes. When the new capital of the Khmers was relocated at Phnom Penh and the dancers came home, they brought with them their gaudy clothes which have since been adopted by the Royal Ballet of Cambodia.

ONE bright morning after I had swallowed a *café complet* in the courtyard of the Auberge and thought I had digested the enormity of Angkor Wat, facing me there across the moat and a dollar-a-bottle flask of water, I set off for Angkor Thom. I was, I must say, less prepared for Angkor Thom, of which I had never heard, than I was for Angkor Wat, which I knew by far-flung reputation. After a short ride, I was suddenly facing the tower of its South Gate, soaring sixty feet high, carved with a face on each side. Fifty-four statues were lined up along the edge of the road, like a guard of honor left standing by some forgetful lieutenant for the last 700 years. I rolled through it, and found myself in a forest of gum trees, traversed by great flights of parakeets. In its midst stood the shadowy form of Bayon, not only rimmed with galleries, carved with bas-relief, and crowned with terraces, but decorated again and again with towers carved on all four sides with faces, the same face I had seen on the tower at the gate, the broad nose, the almond eyes, the sensuous full lips, forty-nine towers with 196 faces all looking down with a slight smile of sufferance, a smug and almost patronizing smile frozen through history.

There were the *apsaras* again, and statues of Buddhas placed here after the Brahman-worshipping Khmers had momentarily retreated. When they advanced again, the heads of the Buddhas were cut off, and those who have been to Bangkok say that is why the Thai merchants have so many old Buddha heads for sale. The story of the times in which Bayon lived is told in stone in the carvings. There were naval battles with the Chams, the ancestors of the Vietnamese, who wore lotus insignia on their heads, and the Khmers, recognizable by their short hair. The lurid battle scenes are complete with fish swimming alongside the warships and alligators devouring the wounded who fell overboard. Later came the peaceable days, and the Cambodians returned to their normal life. They played chess, watched pig fights, held judo duels, and went to the cockfights.

A Chinese chronicler dispatched by the successor of Kublai Khan in 1296 spent a year at the court at Angkor Thom and wrote in great detail of the gilded faces of its towers, of the king who traveled on a golden litter carried by jeweled women, led by horsemen, and followed by slave girls and female bodyguards and wives and concubines lolling on howdahs. The cast is gone but the setting remains. Facing a broad plaza stands the Terrace of the Elephants, nearly 1,000 feet long, all of it a frieze of stone elephants, the stairways flanked by three-headed elephants. Across the plaza where the armies passed in review stand the twelve towers of the Rope Dancers on which performers cavorted on high wires spead between them.

Angkor Thom is a dazzling morning, and I left it with some reluctance as the sun rose high, burning through the leafy jungle and searing the open square. Later in the afternoon when the cool began to come on, I ventured deeper into the bush to the temple called Taprohm, left almost as the French found it in the 1860s with the sinuous, relentless, greedy, exploring fingers of the banyan trees finding their way into every stone crevice, wrapping themselves around lintels and windows and, with their vines, working their way, as a blind man feels for the character in a face, along every topographical surface of the bas-reliefs. Here is the way the jungle took over when the Khmers retreated in 1432, after the sack of the Thais, burying the greatest architectural works of the Asian continent under the irrepressible growth. Writes Malcolm MacDonald in "Angkor": "The man-borne woods of Dunsinane did not advance more inexorably on Macbeth than the jungle of Cambodia marched on Angkor. With the invading army of trees came their camp followers, the wild beasts. Where there were once dwellings and streets, now only arbours and glades appeared, and where crowds of people had gathered, naught but herds of animals wandered. Tigers trod where princes had walked, panthers crouched where priests had knelt, parakeets screamed where ladies in waiting whispered, and troupes of monkeys leaped through trees where previously multitudes of citizens had strolled through the bazaars."

ALTHOUGH the ruins were discovered 100 years ago, only five years have passed since the last tiger was seen in the environs. And the Auberge itself, until it was revamped recently, was called the Hotel des Ruines, a favorite center for hunters. The land of the tigers and wild elephants is a scant hundred miles away. Domesticated elephants, however, are available on the grounds of the Auberge, and after I had returned from Taprohm, I set off again in the late afternoon in a swaying howdah to view the sunset from the heights of Phnom Bakheng. It is a swaying ride down the paved road and a rather nervous one as the elephants begin to negotiate the switchbacks of the hill. We stepped off the howdah onto the side of the temple and climbed the ancient sandstone blocks to the terrace which looks out across the flat floor of the countryside to the lake, to the forest of Angkor Thom somewhat sinister in the late light, and to Angkor Wat, where when you strike a good day, the great temple burns fiery red in the disappearing sun.

I rose with the dawn the next morning and had coffee again on the terrace long before the sun had wakened the stones of Angkor Wat. Then I took the Land Rover down the twenty-mile run to Banteay Srei, the most delicate gem of all the temples of Angkor. Its carv-

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ings are exquisite, detailed, and fussy enough to be baroque. It has none of the massiveness of Angkor Wat, nor the enormity of Angkor Thom, and next to it Bayon seems almost gross. It is a product of the year 968—in Europe the Danes were invading England—built two centuries before Angkor Wat.

The road to Banteay Srei lies along a sandy path that is impassable in the rainy season, and is not exactly a freeway when it's dry. But it is a byway of enormous interest, for it courses through upcountry Cambodian villages where the houses rise on stilts, the betel-chewing women sift rice through baskets, thresh grain against rocks, cook in black pots over open fires, and sometimes casually drape their bosoms when outsiders pass. On the road we found a column of Buddhist monks, the leader carrying a lance. In the middle of the village it came to a halt and waited until villagers came out with steaming pots of rice to ladle spoonfuls into the bowls which the monks carried under their saffron robes. Then the leader chanted a prayer and the villagers dropped to their knees. When it was done the column marched on to the next village, and then for the first time the people noticed our presence and gazed on us as curiosities.

We drove through the glades, past the ruins of Pre'rup, where bodies to be cremated were borne from Angkor Thom, and emerged at last on the main road. In the moats of Angkor Thom two elephants were being bathed, and a covey of youngsters rolled on their giant backs and splashed with them and finally rode them back to shore. A lone ibis on reconaissance flew low over the water, and the afternoon sun was etching deep shadows in the long galleries of the temple. The towers stood clear against the puffy, assertive clouds that floated in the blue sky, and far in the distance, perhaps 500 yards away, you could pick out the saffron robe of a solitary monk moving along the long stone causeway on his way into the temple of yesterday.

—Horace Sutton.

(Fourth in a series on a tour of the world.)

In the March 17th SR

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Nuclear Warfare

Continued from page 19

ing gotten the information they needed, they sent them back to their homes to die. It was not until Norman Cousins of the *Saturday Review* organized the journey of the Hiroshima Maidens to America for surgical treatment that anyone seemed really concerned for the victims of the American bomb.

Robert Jungk opens his story with the statement "The persons who appear in this report are real and are referred to by their proper names. None of the people or the events have been invented by the author." His story is one of the great pieces of reporting of our time. He has finally brought our consciences and our Hiroshima victims face to face. His story is tender and true. Its implications are tough and terrifying.

Once again, black clouds of radioactive rubble are sweeping across the world on the whirling winds, dropping, slowly dropping their lethal particles upon the cities of men. The radioactive elements go into the food chain, thence into the bones, the thyroids, the gonads of the little ones. Our brave warriors and stumbling statesmen make war upon babies, and wreak their vengeance on the yet unborn. Those who have sown the wind, reap the whirlwind. Who, who will have the courage to call a halt?

The British Did Their Bit

"The Birth of the Bomb," by Ronald W. Clark *(Horizon. 209 pp. $3.95), reveals how English scientists felt about their crucial work in developing the first atomic weapons. Michael Amrine, who is a Washington, D.C., science reporter, wrote "The Great Decision."*

By MICHAEL AMRINE

SIR GEORGE THOMSON said of the research, engineering, and cloak-and-dagger work involved in creating the first atomic bombs, "It is a fascinating and exciting story . . . there has never been one like it and perhaps never will be."

This book is not the whole story; but it is an extraordinary and thorough account of British work on the bomb, and it is needed now to help our understanding of early atomic history. Will the next atomic bomb, like the first ones, be dropped by a single country with little consultation with her allies?

When Harry S. Truman decided to use the A-bombs, he believed (at least at the time) what most Americans have since come to believe, that the atomic bomb project was originally an all-American effort. Yet, as a matter of fact, the British were not only concerned with early research, as anyone familiar with the international nature of science would expect; they also achieved spectacular results in evolving the first major method of separation of uranium 233 from uranium as found in nature. Their work surprised and impressed Harold C. Urey when he visited England in 1941, and his report was of primary importance in assuring our own leaders that the job could be done.

Urey's report also led to a "partnership" between Britain and the U.S., in which the expectation was that America would undertake production because her centers could be safe from attack, but that British and American scientists would work side by side. As it turned out, the British scientists had great trouble getting information out of General Groves, and this and other complications led to decidedly bad feeling on the part of the British, extending all the way to the top. Even Winston S. Churchill protested, as has been noted by him and by Robert E. Sherwood and others.

Clark's book begins in 1938, before Munich, and before Hahn and Strassman and Meitner (and later Szilard and Fermi) were to show that, in Szilard's phrase, "the world was headed for trouble." He tells old and new anecdotes about the attempts to interest governments, and the governments' eventual responses in secrecy and mystery. No one, except perhaps Robert Jungk, has interviewed more of the key men of the atomic age, and no one has asked more questions about their power and their conscience. Recent books have picked up some of the human and political side of this chapter of our century, but Clark is unique in his attention to the scientists' reactions to what government planned to do. For example, Niels Bohr argued with Churchill that the Russians should be informed of the project, because the bomb "will completely change all future conditions of warfare," and "any temporary advantage, however great, may be outweighed by a perpetual menace to human security."

That was before Stimson put much the same case to Truman. Both Bohr and Stimson were misunderstood then, but in this story we can better understand how human history was made—and how it may be brought to an end.

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Personal History

Continued from page 14

Hamilton Johnson, a Cowley Father in Boston whom she had known briefly more than thirty years before in London when she was still an Anglican communicant, initiated the present correspondence. His part, he declared, was merely to "give her a little push back to where she belonged, *inside* the church," while she had done more for him than "any school, college or university." This is the justification for publishing the book and subtitling it on the jacket "The Spiritual Autobiography of a Distinguished Writer."

Written at frequent intervals and at odd moments, these letters provide a kind of diary and are to that extent autobiographical; but they cover only the period 1950-52, and their interest is by no means limited to the spiritual. The tone is never portentous, there is no breast-beating, no abasement, no exultation. In the midst of a crisis of the soul Rose Macaulay remained a lady.

The crisis is almost over when the letters begin. "Surrounded by death," including that of her lover, she finds herself lost in a world that she has made. She has her work, her habits, her friends; but where is the security of her childhood? Faith is the answer; Father Johnson is the channel through which love can again flood her life. She is aging and ill, but she is at home and happy.

She writes to him about anything that comes into her head: about writing (a book on ruins); about reading (on this they exchange advice); about their family connections (they turn out to be fourth cousins, which makes it easier to send love and use first names); about her friends (E. M. Forster at Abinger distributing flowers on tombstones in accordance with merit; Graham Greene, "not a priest there. Have they dropped him?" for surely his characters are "low types," hardly candidates for canonization; Vita Sackville-West, the original of "Orlando," did he know?, who is "v. beautiful and nice"); about hearing Mass and taking the Sacrament, and about swimming every possible day in the Serpentine. She plays with ideas about time and history (*if* the monasteries had not been despoiled by Henry VIII, *if* it were not for the "repugnant Puritans," *if* she had lived in the days of religious persecution). She is interested in liturgy and prefers the Latin versions of familiar prayers. Roman Catholics annoy her because they are certain they have the whole truth and so are, to her mind, less open to the continuing guidance of the Holy Spirit. But, oddly enough, Miss Macaulay does not relate this dislike to the segregation of herself and her sisters as Protestants in an Italian convent school.

Nor does she see herself in the inexplicable mermaid heroine of "And No Man's Wit," though perhaps she will later understand she was then attempting to justify her attitude to illicit love, so plainly shown, once one has the key, as impossible to justify morally, in her last novel, "The Towers of Trebizond."

This mixture of wit and chitchat, insight and blindness, is entrancing, but is it spiritual? Another volume is promised, containing the letters of the next six years up to her death in 1958. They were less frequent, perhaps more secular, perhaps more profound. It is impossible to guess, impossible not to wonder.

The News from Bonn

By Harold Witt

SOMEONE plunked a minor tune by Beethoven
on an old piano, strumming decaying keys—
and the felts fit like stars in the sky's plan,
the wobbly wires throbbed as if they were strung
tight on an eminent frame by Steinway or Baldwin.

It was only a casual picking out of the piece,
far from the links that flash at thundering wrists,
and fashion's audience coughing in its plush.
Critics would laugh, the noted experts twitch
to hear an amateur banging away at greatness.

And there would be something, as usual, critics missed:
clear as clumsiness, from their point of view,
a small boy stumbling in a giant's shoe,
but to an inner ear, which is the only one,
music beyond deafness, the news from Bonn.

Be sure *you know*, be sure *your children learn*, the facts

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SATURDAY REVIEW
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Fiction

Continued from page 16

of the famous warrior-lover. When Amyot jumps ship near Castle Dor, he meets a girl with the Arthurian-romance name of Linnet, who is of course married to an aging man called Mark. The three of them carry the story to its inevitably fatal conclusion.

Miss du Maurier works this out neatly enough, in the spirit of Quiller-Couch's earlier passages. The style has a slightly antiquated ring that goes with the Victorian setting as well as with the potions, threatening giants, and other properties of the medieval legends, and the book's variations on a theme pick up some attractive notes of local color. However, unlike some novels taken from myths, this one doesn't serve to illuminate differences between older and newer ways of life—as, for example, James Joyce's "Ulysses" does when, among other accomplishments, it shows how the grand age of the Homeric hero has become debased to that of the shabby little man of the modern city.

"Castle Dor" does, however, include some interesting scholarly discussions by several of its older characters, who provide a kind of chorus that adds resonance to the legendary background. But this novel is not serious literature; its central story never becomes anything more than a readable melodrama.

—HARRY T. MOORE.

A FOXY ELIZA DOOLITTLE: After forty years David Garnett's Silvia turns back wonderfully into Vercors's "Sylva" (Putnam, $4); and the reverse process, though without the novelty, still exercises much of the fascination remembered in the English novelist's "Lady Into Fox."

With England the land of the hunt, the French author must set his scene there, too. His heroine comes in with the hounds right at her heels, as Garnett's went out with the dogs catching up with her brutally. In each you find a Nanny and a doubting parson; and for Garnett's husband named Richard Tebrick, there is Vercors's Albert Richwick.

At dusk one day Richwick hears a pack of hounds come baying right up to the hedge around his manor, where inexplicably their barks change to whines, and they abandon the chase. Then Richwick sees a creature clawing its way through the briars onto his grounds. He throws himself on it, subdues it, and discovers he has caught himself a young woman, scratched, muddied in her flight for life, but beautiful, and nude.

With a variety of motives, he manages to carry her in secret to his room, where he undertakes to tame and civilize her. She eats a chicken whole, relishing in particular the crunch of the bones; she can jump to the top of the dresser and practically climb bare walls; instead of listening at doors, she sniffs; she fights off baths; and for a long while she fights off Richwick till she finally learns, at first with innocence, to cuddle in his arms.

The many resemblances to the Garnett, which include even the last line, the very last word, do not prevent this from being Vercors's own story. The one, published in 1922, had its own unique English fancifulness; this, translated by Rita Barisse, is purely French in its clarity, precision, and explicitness and in the suggestion that most of us even now, men as well as women, occasionally feel like jumping on dressers, climbing walls, and sniffing at doors. It is a delightful love story, too, with the man fashioning the woman after his own heart; Sylva after all is just Shaw's Eliza Doolittle—scratching, clawing, and biting a little more.

—W. G. ROGERS.

SO EXCELLENT A KING: Of the making of historical novels there is no end, and of the making of good ones there is hardly a beginning. There are perhaps excellent reasons for the rarity of good historical fiction, for it is almost beyond the power of men to bring the

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 970

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 970 will be found in the next issue.

SLCH WGPWNG BCO KGLMAZ OPTQ KCFE MB OPTQ BHCAZMAX MA HLG FPD-DTAMHO.

G. S. LPSG.

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 969

Most people enjoy the inferiority of their best friends.

—CHESTERFIELD.

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dead back to life, and this is what we demand from the historical novelist. He is the necromancer who touches the coffined dust and brings whole civilizations back to life, and in mysterious ways he transports us to another age, creating another sky, another earth, another people. Whenever he succeeds, we may be sure there is magic in it.

In **"The Right Line of Cerdic"** (Pantheon, $3.95) Alfred Duggan has written a novel about Alfred the Great, who has been calling out for a magician for a very long time. Alfred had all the romantic virtues: he was self-consciously noble, wildly adventurous, handsome, impractical, scholarly, and deeply religious. We know what he looked like from the coins, and we know a great deal about the age he lived in. Mr. Duggan has evidently studied the sources and is reasonably at ease among his West Saxons, but he is a conjuror rather than a magician. We are never for a moment permitted to believe that we are in ancient England. His characters talk like Boy Scouts, and they move with all the elegance of musical comedy heroes. It is "Camelot" all over again. Here, for example, is King Ethelred discussing marriage with his brother Alfred.

> "Why not marry? We are the last of the Cerdingas. We must marry, or see our line disappear. Since King Burhed is anxious to keep our friendship he will choose good brides for us; and Ethelswitha will advise. Have you a girl-friend? No, don't tell me. But if you have there's no need to get rid of her just because you make a marriage of convenience."

So it goes on—this curious, charming, utterly unbelievable novel, where there is no more effort to bring the past into focus than there is to enter into the character of Alfred. The deadly serious business of writing historical fiction is thrown overboard, and we are offered instead a kind of pastiche. Alfred is continually wetting his trousers and showing a brave face to the enemy, and inevitably he burns the cakes, and just as inevitably he dies in the odor of sanctity. It is all a great pity, for Mr. Duggan writes charmingly. Rabbits and snow-white doves flow from his capacious sleeves, and his patter is amusing. Unhappily he never waves the cruel necromancer's wand, never brings the dust to life.

—Robert Payne.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1. beware, reward. 2. uncork, encore. 3. frigid, origin. 4. venture, century. 5. living, divine. 6. crudity, erudite. 7. jockeys, cockeye. 8. collet, pollex. 9. panels, sanely. 10. repartee, departed. 11. bittern, jittery. 12. flattery, platters, slattern.

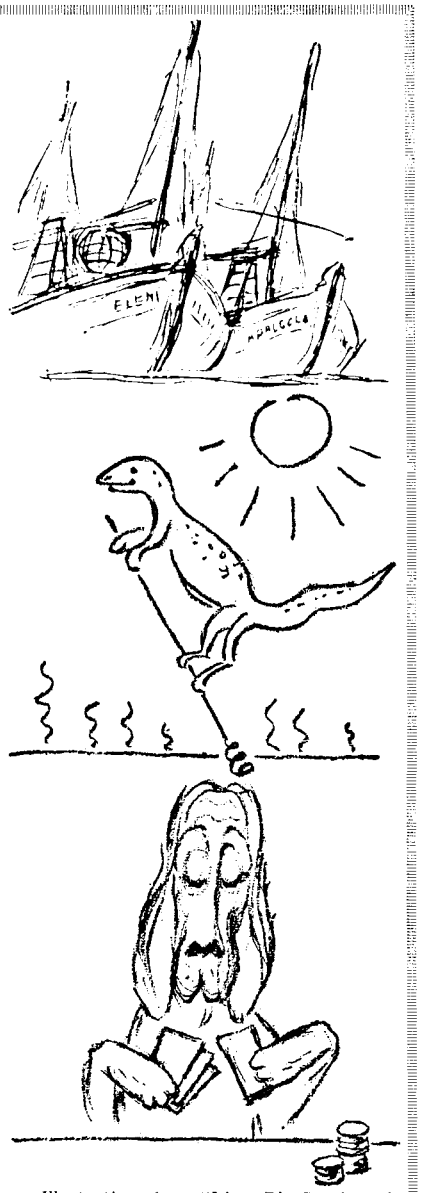
Roaming

Continued from page 17

has to signal him home with the Cow Call Holler when he gets lost. The people are just as quaint up near the Arctic Circle. There is the Eskimo woman whose family relationships are so confused that she calls her three-year-old niece "Grandfather"; there is the prospector who taught his dog to play poker, then made the dog give it up because he kept wagging his tail at every good hand. In the Bahamas there is an old woman who can tell in detail the ancestral story of the landing of Columbus, and there is the preacher who, having sighted from his pulpit a big ship going on the rocks, races out to claim first salvage rights after launching his congregation on ten minutes of silent prayer. Everybody everywhere is paralyzingly picturesque.

THERE is more of course, to "It's a Big Continent." As always, Burman exhibits a perceptive reporter's gift for recreating events, total involvement in his people, and an ear for speech and inflection that John O'Hara may envy. He has an extraordinary talent for capturing a scene in a single phrase. Still, when we see so many consciously colorful people on all the outskirts of civilization we may at least suspect that a better title for this book could have been built on the thought that this is a very small continent indeed.

This book, like Mr. Burman's previous works—the Catfish Bend stories, "Street of the Laughing Camel," "The Four Lives of Mundy Tolliver," and others—is illustrated by the author's wife, Alice Caddy.



—Illustrations from "It's a Big Continent."

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This four-inch-long electron tube was designed, developed and fabricated at Bell Telephone Laboratories to operate with no attention for 20 years or more. It is part of the submarine cable repeater manufactured by Western Electric which faithfully and reliably amplifies voice signals transmitted along undersea coaxial cables.

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Years before it was put to use, Bell Laboratories scientists and engineers began developing this undersea tube, another example of forward-looking technology that has made the Bell Telephone Laboratories the world center of communications research and development.

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SR / Research
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Letters to the Science Editor • The Research Frontier • Science in Books • Personality Portrait LXXII

ARTICLE: Do the Mountains of Earth Come from the Moon?

THE STRUGGLE FOR CONTROL OF DRUG PRESCRIPTIONS

ON 21 March 1958, stock listing application No. A-17508 was filed at the New York Stock Exchange. It requested the listing of 70,000 additional shares of common stock of the Chemway Corporation for the purpose of exchanging those shares for ownership of the Glutavite Corporation. The application was granted and the shares were listed that day. At the close of the day's trading, Chemway Stock was quoted at seven and five-eights dollars per share. In short, the Chemway Corporation paid the equivalent of more than half a million dollars for the Glutavite Corporation.

After the stock changed hands, the Glutavite Corporation was absorbed by the Crookes-Barnes Division of Chemway, which deals in the manufacture and sale of prescription drugs. An influential member of the board of directors of Crookes-Barnes at the time of the transaction was Dr. Arthur Sackler, a Manhattan psychiatrist.

The sole owners of the Glutavite Corporation had been Dr. Arthur Sackler's two brothers, Drs. Mortimer and Raymond Sackler, also psychiatrists.

The principal asset of the Glutavite Corporation at the time of the stock transfer was a product called l-Glutavite. At manufacturers' sales prices, $499,148 worth of l-Glutavite had been sold from March to December 1955, $511,782 worth in the twelve months of 1956, $443,668 worth in 1957, and $87,523 worth in the first two months of 1958.

Glutavite, without the introductory "l", is mono-sodium glutamate, a harmless amino acid protein derivative which housewives buy in grocery stores as a flavoring for meats.

According to advertisements published by the Glutavite Corporation, l-Glutavite consists of "optimal amounts of mono-sodium l-glutamate plus a therapeutic amount of the vasodilator niacin and co-enzymes and other essential elements." Broken down into ordinary layman's English, this means simply the familiar meat flavoring plus vitamin B.

The two Sackler brothers who originally owned the Glutavite Corporation—Drs. Mortimer and Raymond—had first set up Gray Pharmaceuticals to market the product in 1955. Later, they had merged Gray Pharmaceuticals into the Glutavite Corporation. They had taken their product to the U. S. Food and Drug Administration for approval. They had been told that a new drug permit would not be required as a requisite for sale of l-Glutavite because its primary ingredient, glutamate, was well established as a harmless chemical and because vitamin B complexes could be bought over drug store counters without prescription. However, it was pointed out to the two Sackler brothers that if they should advertise l-Glutavite to the public as a drug they would be accountable for any medicinal claims they might make.

l-Glutavite has not been advertised directly to the public. Although not listed as a prescription drug, it has been advertised to physicians. The *Journal of the American Medical Association* has declined to publish the ads, but the *Medical Tribune*, a para-medical newspaper, has printed them. The ads have featured charcoal sketches of senile men and women and have referred to l-Glutavite as a "metabolic cerebral tonic" for confused minds.

"Improves the cerebral metabolism," the headlines have said. Supporting phraseology has emphasized the safety of the compound in comparison to the side effects physicians sometimes encounter when they prescribe tranquilizers. Dosage has been given as "one rounded teaspoonful of powder in tomato or other vegetable juice" three or four times a day for ten to sixteen weeks, followed by a daily regime of two packets of powder thereafter. Capsules are also available, but a capsule holds less than a packet. Curious physicians have been offered references "on request."

These l-Glutavite advertisements, strongly reminiscent of the old fashioned medicine show, were prepared by the biggest advertising agency in the prescription drug business: William Douglas McAdams, Inc., where Dr. Arthur Sackler is chairman of the board.

Medical Tribune, the free circulation newspaper in which l-Glutavite ads have most frequently appeared, was founded by Dr. Arthur Sackler among others and has been serviced editorially by an organization owned outright by Dr. Arthur Sackler.

THE spectacle of three psychiatrists, members of a profession looked to with almost awesome respect for guidance in mental illness, concertedly pushing a flavoring extract mixed with vitamins as a means of arresting the pitiable deterioration of aging minds, is a painful experience. But the l-Glutavite episode has a significance beyond the compass of psychiatry. It illustrates the machine-like disregard of individuality into which the once precise art of prescription drug administration has descended in America.

The combined resources of the three Sackler brothers for this type of integrated drug marketing were not exhausted in the promotion of l-Glutavite. The brothers together cover every aspect of prescription medicine. They have succeeded in carrying out their operations despite opposition within the medical profession. Whatever opposition they may have encountered within the drug industry itself has not been effective.

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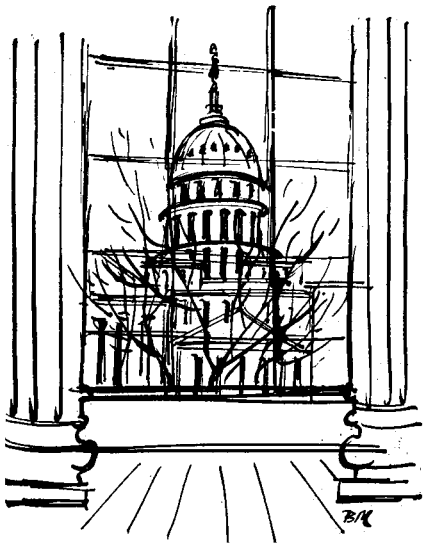
All modern drugs necessarily begin with pure scientific research. Dr. Arthur Sackler is director of the Laboratories for Therapeutic Research at Long Island University's Brooklyn College of Pharmacy. After research comes drug manufacture. In addition to their former holdings in the Glutavite Corporation, Drs. Mortimer and Raymond Sackler are officers in at least one other drug house, Purdue-Frederick. Once drugs have been manufactured, their special usefulness must be demonstrated to physicians. The prime avenue for this function is publication of scientific papers in medical journals. As will be noted specifically later, all three of the Sacklers hold places on the editorial boards of such journals. The journals are increasingly dependent on income from drug advertisements which follow the research reports. As was pointed out before, Dr. Arthur Sackler is head of the largest prescription drug advertising agency in the United States.

THE foregoing steps are the traditional steps of medicine, familiar to generations of physicians. A dozen years ago, Dr. Arthur Sackler added to them a new step which before then would have been regarded as a violation of the most precious canon of the healing profession. Up to that time the rule had been that the intimate confidence required for a successful relationship between physician and patient was too delicate to be disturbed by outside interference. Physicians alone were responsible for safe and effective administration of drugs. They alone could prescribe treatment. Hence the decision to choose a particular drug for a particular patient at a particular time should be left strictly to the doctor.

Dr. Arthur Sackler, himself a physician, publicly insists he never intended to amend this ancient rule. He says there cannot be any question of the individual doctor's ultimate responsibility for the individual prescription. He declares it is every physician's duty to resist any and all outside influences, and he professes an unshakable belief that most doctors faithfully exercise this responsibility.

Equally firmly, however, Dr. Arthur Sackler states his conviction that before he intervened to change the situation, an anachronism existed in medical practice. It took too long for the spectacular new drugs he was advertising to win acceptance among his fellow doctors and so to reach the great body of expectant patients. He determined to "shorten the gap between discovery and use" of new drugs. "Laymen living in the scientific era . . . require a certain amount of scientific knowledge," he said, and there was an obligation to "get this knowledge to them" through "some means of communication between pharmaceutical companies . . . and the consumer." To reach the consumer—i.e., the patient—he set up the Medical and Pharmaceutical Information Bureau in 1948, and referred McAdams advertising clients to MPIB to obtain publicity for drugs that patients and doctors might read in the newspapers at the same time that the doctors were receiving ads for these drugs through the mail. Sometimes these "news" reports of new medicines went out on the air and into print before the drugs had been approved by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration and often before there had been enough time for thorough clinical evaluation of unfortunate side effects.

Two consequences soon became apparent. One was that people in position to chase a fast buck in Wall Street used



the MPIB "news" as market tips and kited the prices of drug stocks. The second effect of the MPIB operation was that patients began to implore their physicians for prescriptions of "that marvelous drug I read about in the paper the other day." When physicians didn't respond to the pleadings, headstrong patients went to other more accommodating physicians. And while this pressure built up inside doctors' offices, the physicians were bombarded incessantly from the outside by direct mail advertisements written by McAdams for those very same drugs.

Soon it was customary for doctors to learn about new drugs from their patients or from drug ads—or even from their stock brokers—before the doctors themselves had an opportunity to read skilled professional judgment of the usefulness and safety of the drugs in medical journals which previously had been the trusted harbingers of new champions in the fight against disease.

The old sense of ethics that had long governed prescription drug houses (as opposed to patent medicine peddlers) did not die easily. The more conservative houses shied from any direct link between their advertising to doctors and whatever might be said about their new products to the general reading public of the newspapers. To mollify the traditionalists, Dr. Arthur Sackler sold out his stock interest in and gave up his place as a director of MPIB in April 1950. But he continued to send his advertising clients to MPIB and later encouraged the establishment of separate publicity agencies similiar to MPIB, such as Medimetrics and Medical and Science Communications Associates, Inc. to continue and expand the flow of "information" about new drugs to patients. Whether the drug houses were taken in by this maneuver, or merely shut their eyes to it, is not clear. Anyhow, the separate publicity agencies thrived as agents of McAdams clients, and the pressure on physicians to prescribe drugs in conformity with the fads rather than with the real needs of patients intensified.

The W. H. Frolich advertising agency, known in the past as the major competitor of McAdams in the drug ad business, suddenly fell into step with Dr. Arthur Sackler and set up a counterpart of MPIB under the name of Science Information Bureau. After Dr. Arthur Sackler withdrew his direct participation in MPIB, Frolich farmed out SIB. To say the least, the parallels did not suggest vigorous independent thought and action traditional to American free enterprise.

WHILE this wholesale influencing of drug prescription practice was relatively new, when Dr. Arthur Sackler was still part owner and a major director of MPIB, MPIB sent out to newspapers of 12 February 1951 the first public disclosure that Henry Welch, Ph. D, then director of the antibiotics division of the U. S. Food and Drug Administration, would edit a new journal called *Antibiotics and Chemotherapy*.

Regular readers of SR/Research will recall the name of Dr. Welch. He was forced to resign his government post in the summer of 1960 after U. S. Senator Estes Kefauver's Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monoply had investigated the extent of a conflict of interest first pointed out in this space in February 1959. The question raised by SR was one of principle. The Senate committee looked into practice and found that while Dr. Welch was being paid an official salary for protecting the public against abuses in the marketing of drugs, he was collecting more than a quarter of a million dollars for editing privately-owned journals that argued for drug prescription practices opposed

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by the most skilled clinical researchers in the country. Worse still, it was discovered, the private payments to Dr. Welch were made on a sliding scale depending on how much drug advertising the journals took in, how many reprints of clinical reports favorable to new "shotgun therapy" type drugs were ordered by the drug houses for distribution to physicians, and how many extra pages of new reports were hurried into print just before press time to fit schedules of advertising "blitzes" for the drugs.

The private payments to Dr. Welch were made by MD Publications, Inc. President of this establishment was Dr. Felix Marti-Ibanez, a Spanish refugee who at least as early as 1952 if not earlier became an employee of McAdams International, a branch of the advertising agency headed by Dr. Arthur Sackler. The transcript of Senate testimony and documents concerning the affairs of Dr. Welch includes a letter Dr. Marti-Ibanez wrote to Dr. Welch on 10 March 1954. The letter explained that Dr. Marti-Ibanez, then part owner and ostensibly chief officer of MD Publications, Inc., was "extremely hurried with the moving of McAdams International to 15 East 62nd Street, which, by the way, is a most pleasant and convenient location." The letter expressed the hope that if Dr. Welch should "have a few minutes when you come to New York at the end of the month . . . you will have time to see the new offices." The address of those new offices was listed in the Manhattan telephone directory as the address of the three Sackler brothers, Drs. Arthur, Mortimer and Raymond.

Going back now to the press release that MPIB put out in February 1951 about Dr. Welch and his coming editorship of the new journal, *Antibotics and Chemotherapy* – what client was MPIB acting for? The release named Dr. Welch as editor-in-chief of the forthcoming journal without identifying him as a public official. Dr. Marti-Ibanez was also named as "editor of the Spanish edition" of the journal, but his association with McAdams International (or any other organization) was not specified. MD Publications, Inc. was not mentioned. No ownership of the new journal was mentioned. For whose benefit, then, was the press release written and distributed? MPIB releases always had someone's benefit in mind. Since Dr. Arthur Sackler did not relinquish direct control of MPIB until the following April, the beneficiary surely must have been someone he wanted to serve.

Could MPIB's client in this case have been the yet undisclosed person or persons who advanced the $50,000 which Dr. Welch in 1950 had told his U. S. Food and Drug Administration superiors would be required to start the new antibiotics journal?

Or could the client have been one or other or both of the two unidentified stockholders who Dr. Welch later said shared ownership of MD Publications, Inc., with Dr. Marti-Ibanez?

These questions recently have become of interest to the U. S. Department of Justice. Among documents now on file for public inspection in the office of the clerk of the Federal District Court in Washington, D.C., are two identical letters signed by Deputy U. S. Attorney General Byron R. White. The letters are addressed to Mr. Max M. Goldschein and Mr. Robert J. Timlin, attorneys in the criminal division of the Justice Department. The text notifies the two men of their appointment as Special Attorneys "to assist in the trial of the case or cases growing out of the transactions heareinafter mentioned . . . and in that connection . . . to file informations and to conduct . . . in any . . . judicial district where the jurisdiction thereof lies, any kind of legal proceedings, including grand jury proceedings and proceedings before committing magistrates which United States attorneys are authorized by law to conduct."

The "transactions hereinafter mentioned" are false statements and violation of the "conflict of interest . . . bribery . . . and conspiracy statutes" which "the Department is informed" have been committed "by various persons, companies, corporations and firms to the Department unknown" with intent "to deprive the United States of the honest and faithful service of its employes."

Most of the American people know nothing of these letters. However, executives of the prescription drug manufacturing houses have been advised by the "Pink Sheet," a newsletter for which they pay $150 per year per copy, that the appointment of Messrs. Goldschein and Timlin as Special Attorneys of the Justice Department is related to the convening in Washington, D.C., of a U. S. grand jury to reopen investigation of the activities of Dr. Henry Welch.

Since it takes two or more to conspire or to execute a bribe, the grand jury obviously will have to consider the involvement and responsibility not just of the bribe-takers but of the bribe-givers. According to the "Pink Sheet" issue of 22 January 1962, "a parade of Food and Drug Administration officials" already had come before the jury, and "at least sixteen pharmaceutical firms" had received subpoenas calling for delivery of "all correspondence with Dr. Felix Marti-Ibanez, individually or as an officer of . . . any . . . enterprise" and "all correspondence to, from or about Welch, as an individual, or as an FDA official" or "relating to his business relationship with . . . any . . . enterprise." The "Pink Sheet" added: "The government also asked for all memos, books and records, purchase orders, invoices and cancelled checks involving any financial or business transactions with Welch or Ibanez or with any of the . . . publishing organizations" in which these two men figured in any way.

Having the power to subpoena, the grand jury may be able to assemble a pattern for a puzzle that I have been trying for several years to fit together. Maybe the facts I have will suggest a pattern; maybe they won't. But they are facts, and I set them down here as an offering to poetic justice.

The first set of facts I have goes back to the 1930s or perhaps earlier, when military medics in Washington, D.C., anticipated what is now called "the communications crisis." They solved the immediate problem by persuading medical researches to abstract their own reports of their own research and publish the abstracts in quarterly journals. The Washington Institute of Medicine was established as a publishing house for the quarterlies.

My second set of facts is grouped around a salesman named Dr. Henry Klaunberg, who went to work for the Washington Institute of Medicine. In time, payments of Dr. Klaunberg's sales commissions gradually fell into arrears until Dr. Klaunberg was, in fact, owner of the Institute. Subsequently, the editor of his psychiatric quarterly ran into character assassins infuriated by a book the editor wrote about alcoholic women. Prominent among defenders of the book was Mr. Joseph Borkin, an amateur disciple of Sigmund Freud and a professional lawyer on the staff of New Deal trust-buster Thurman Arnold. Later, when financial difficulties developed between the Institute and its printer, Dr. Klaunberg remembered lawyer Borkin and offered Mr. Borkin a half interest in the Institute in return for legal advice.

My third set of facts has to do with a trip Mr. Borkin made to New York City in the year 1950. His purpose was to relieve the Institute's financial difficulties by obtaining advertisements for the Institute's journals. He first visited

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the BBD&O ad agency. No luck. Next he went to the Frolich ad agency. No luck. Then he called at the McAdams ad agency, and there found a fellow alumnus of New York University, Dr. Arthur Sackler. To Mr. Borkin's great delight, the doctor was not only a psychiatrist but an associate in the clinical center of the late Dr. J. H. Van Ophuijsen, one of the few then living men who had been an immediate pupil of Freud. The old enthusiasm for psychiatry flared up in Mr. Borkin, he confided the financial problem of the Washington Institute of Medicine to psychiatrist Sackler, and he returned to Washington mulling a proposition that responsibility for the psychiatric quarterly of the Institute be shifted from Washington to the Van Ophuijsen Center at 15 East 62nd Street, present-day headquarters of the three Sackler brothers.

My fourth set of facts comes from the transcript of testimony in Senator Kefauver's investigation of the drug industry. They show that, beginning in 1950, Dr. Arthur Sackler became editor-in-chief of the Washington Institute of Medicine's psychiatric journal, the *Journal of Clinical and Experimental Psychopathology*. Documents in the Senate transcript list Dr. Arthur Sackler's two brothers, Drs. Mortimer and Raymond Sackler, as members of the editorial board of that same journal. A fourth board member on the list was Mr. Joseph Borkin, and the "international editor" of the journal was Dr. Felix Marti-Ibanez.

My fifth set of facts concerns a stock transfer contract dated 11 May 1950. In it, Dr. Henry Klaunberg and Mr. Joseph Borkin each agreed to sell 150 shares of stock in the Washington Institute of Medicine to the Washington Institute of Medicine. This contract reserved to Dr. Klaunberg and Mr. Borkin the right to buy back the stock they had just sold.

At this point some facts are missing. Who was in financial control of the Washington Institute of Medicine when this stock sale went through? It couldn't have been Dr. Klaunberg and Mr. Borkin, for the contract then would simply have represented a sale of their stock to themselves. Obviously someone else had obtained a share of what originally had been fifty-fifty ownership between Dr. Klaunberg and Mr. Borkin. Who was the someone?

Mr. Borkin tells me he does not know. He says the buyers of his stock were represented by Mrs. Mary Siegel, a lawyer, and Mr. Louis Goldburt, an accountant, both of 1440 Broadway, New York City.

Whom did Mrs. Siegel and Mr. Goldburt represent in this transaction?

Again some facts seem to be missing.

My sixth set of facts has to do with Mrs. Siegel and Mr. Goldburt in other matters. I have read papers which suggest that Mrs. Siegel was legal counsel for the Sackler family in withdrawal of Dr. Arthur Sackler's financial interest in the drug publicity agency MPIB. I have seen income tax withholding forms issued by "Synergistics, Inc., c/o Siegel and Goldburt, 1440 Broadway" to persons employed at the 15 East 62nd Street headquarters of Dr. Arthur Sackler and his two brothers, Drs. Mortimer and Raymond Sackler.

My seventh set of facts concerns another stock transfer contract, this one dated 30 October 1951. In this contract, Dr. Klaunberg and Mr. Borkin agreed to assign to Dr. Felix Marti-Ibanez their right to re-purchase one third of the stock they had taken an option on the year before. The new contract specified that if Dr. Klaunberg and Mr. Borkin should subsequently exercise their stock options, each of the two would own ten percent of the Washington Institute of Medicine, and Dr. Marti-Ibanez would own ten percent.

Who owned the remaining seventy percent of the Washington Institute of Medicine?

Again a fact seems to be missing.

Whoever the owner of that seventy percent was, he wasn't willing to relinquish any of it. Dr. Marti-Ibanez' share had to come from the options of Dr. Klaunberg and Mr. Borkin. This would seem to be an important fact because, according to the contract of 30 October 1951, the assignment of the stock to Dr. Marti-Ibanez was made "in order to induce Dr. Ibanez to furnish services as general supervisor to the Washington Institute of Medicine, Inc." Note that the Washington Institute of Medicine had become a corporation.

On that same 30th day of October 1951, Dr. Marti-Ibanez signed another paper, this one as a principal for MD Publications, Inc. This paper constituted an agreement by MD Publications, Inc., to pay the Washington Institute of Medicine, Inc. (Dr. Henry Klaunberg, president) for making up, printing, distributing, and soliciting advertising and subscriptions for "all of the medical journals and reviews owned by MD."

At this point some other facts seem to be missing.

In 1950 Dr. Henry Welch told his superiors in the U. S. Food and Drug Administration that the new antibiotic journal he was going to edit would be published by the Washington Institute of Medicine. Dr. Marti-Ibanez has published independently a statement that he arranged in 1950 to hire Dr. Welch as editor-in-chief of *Antibiotics and Chemotherapy*, which first appeared under the colophon of the Washington Institute of Medicine and was later transferred to MD Publications, Inc. Dr. Marti-Ibanez did not sign the contract to assume general supervision of the Washington Institute of Medicine until 30 October 1951. On whose authority did he make the arrangement with Dr. Welch the year before?

This would seem to be a very important fact because the arrangement with Dr. Welch provided for the peculiar sliding scale fee already described here. The agreement is reported to have been oral, but it was kept as faithfully as though it had been a written contract. Surely there had to be more than token authority behind the transaction of it. On whose say-so was Dr. Marti-Ibanez acting?

That it was a powerful say-so is further indicated by the fact that Dr. Marti-Ibanez and Dr. Welch later went into partnership in Medical Encyclopedia, Inc., to publish the proceedings of symposia arranged under U. S. government aegis through Dr. Welch's official influence.

The last fact that seems to be missing is the reason why Dr. Marti-Ibanez, as a principal of MD Publications, Inc., fixed the sum he did fix as payment for the services of the Washington Institute of Medicine, Inc. "Up to $3500 per issue of each journal," the agreement of 30 October 1951 said. Each journal came out once a month, and there were ten journals. To whom was Dr. Marti-Ibanez willing to pay up to $420,000 a year? Dr. Marti-Ibanez' own income came from MD Publications, Inc., and it varied with the prosperity of the company ($25,000 in 1956, $18,749.94 in 1957, $60,000 in 1958, $78,334.74 in 1959); the commitment to the Washington Institute of Medicine, Inc., constituted a lien against all income of MD Publications, Inc., and could have affected Dr. Marti-Ibanez' income considerably. To whom was Dr. Marti-Ibanez willing to grant deference of such magnitude?

To the person or persons who owned the seventy percent of Washington In-

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stitute of Medicine Inc. stock that isn't accounted for in my puzzle?

To the same person or persons who sent Mrs. Siegel and Mr. Goldburt to buy the Washington Institute of Medicine stock of Dr. Klaunberg and Mr. Borkin after Mr. Borkin talked to Dr. Arthur Sackler in New York?

I have now set down all the facts that I have, and I have pointed out all the facts that seem to be missing. If the pieces of my unfinished puzzle are of any use to the grand jury, there they are. Special Attorneys Goldschein and Timlin undoubtedly have many more facts, and will, I trust, act on them vigorously. A sharp reminder that dishonesty has consequences might restore some balance to the struggle for control of drug prescriptions.

Unfortunately, it is too late to repair the health of those individual patients whose doctors were misled by the authoritative voice of Dr. Henry Welch speaking at the behest of his private employers.

It seems appropriate, in this connection, to review the history of the Pfizer antibiotic, Sigmamycin (Signemycin in one variety), that led me to learn of Dr. Welch's dual job-holding three years ago. This drug was advertised with what appeared to be reproductions of the professional cards of eight physicians who seemed to be endorsing the medicine. None of those physicians existed. Pfizer president John McKeen later told me the ad had been written at McAdams, the ad agency headed by Dr. Arthur Sackler, before Pfizer withdrew its account from McAdams. Clinical citations on the ad all referred to reports in journals edited by Dr. Welch with Dr. Mortimer Sackler on the editorial board.

Sigmamycin was not certified for marketing by the U. S. Food and Drug Administration until 28 September 1956. Yet in the summer of 1956 a medical student-copywriter who had recently moved over from McAdams International to its client, Pfizer International, was given a draft of a speech which Dr. Welch would deliver in the following October proclaiming the medicinal qualities of Sigmamycin. Into this speech the copywright injected a Pfizer slogan, which named Sigmamycin as the herald of a "third era" in antibiotic therapy. The amendment was accepted by Dr. Welch, and he read it publicly as though it had been his own idea. Pfizer bought hundreds of thousands of reprints of the speech and mailed them to physicians along with advertisements for the drug. Sigmamycin sales boomed.

Two years later, SR published the misleading ads for Sigmamycin and antibiotics experts' criticism of the drug. Four years later, Dr. Welch quit office under fire. Five years later, on 20 November 1961, Pfizer mailed to physicians a warning that the drug was causing jaundice and damage to the liver and should be prescribed only under close supervision.

Were this an isolated example of too much hurry in the crusade Dr. Arthur Sackler initiated a dozen years ago to close the gap between discovery and use of new drugs, it alone would be deplorable. Many similar instances involving the McAdams agency, the Frolich agency, MPIB, SIB, MSCAI and others were entered a month ago in the transcript of the closing days of Senator Kefauver's two and a half year long drug inquiry.

That transcript ought to become a best seller in the journalism schools. Every conscientious newspaperman, radio and TV commentator, every science writer of any sort, has an obligation to read the testimony, study the supporting documents, and thus prepare himself to find the few straws of truth in the torrent of drug propaganda that pours over editorial desks everywhere—canned editorials, picture mats with captions written to make trade names of drugs sound like the common names of drugs, "outlines" and "drafts" of articles, "backgrounders for your confidential use," "help" for free lance magazine writers who "want to check their facts," interviews conducted by publicity men and handed in to city desks in the guise of objective pieces of reporting, even samples of new prescription drugs with publicity men's advice on dosage: a clear violation of medical ethics.

As science steadily changes the environment on which man depends, the integrity of information and the channels of its communication grows more and more imperative. In the marketplace, the buyer must always beware. But the new drug law that is coming up in Congress ought to draw some lines around what we must beware of.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

THE BUSINESS OF GIVING

IN YOUR EDITORIAL "More About the Business of Giving" in the Saturday Review of January 6, 1962, you mentioned that on December 15, "the board of directors of the National Health Council—trade association of seventy national health and welfare agencies—voted to approve a standard set of accounting principles and procedures as a guide for future disclosures of income and expenditure of all its members. These standards had been talked about for five years, but on one excuse and another they had been put aside."

There is no word as to whether the standards approved by the National Health Council would meet the full disclosure requirements promulgated to the profession, not only by the American Institute of Certified Public Accountants but by the various State Boards of Accountancy.

Just five years ago the Social Service Commission of the City of Los Angeles put into operation a statement of accounting principles for use by charitable agencies in reporting the results of their fund-raising drives. These principles were devised by the Los Angeles Chapter of the California Society of Certified Public Accountants and officially approved by the Social Service Commission. For five years we have been using these as a guide in reporting to the public the receipts and expenditures of the agencies.

EVELYN SPAULDING,
General Manager,
Dept. of Social Service,
City of Los Angeles.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. F. Edward Tomaso, chairman of the American Institute of Certified Public Accountants' national committee of auditing procedures for non-profit organizations, confirms reader Spaulding's belief that the National Health Council did not seek his committee's advice on the Council's new accounting standards for voluntary health and welfare agencies.*

Mr. Tomaso says, however, that the Institute itself is working on a guide for auditors who are called upon to approve the books of the agencies. A draft will be submitted to the Institute for approval in June 1962 and, hopefully, will be published by the end of October.

The American Institute of Certified Public Accountants has also conferred a research grant on Dr. Emerson Henke, of Baylor University, who will survey and report publicly on voluntary health and welfare agency accounting of the agencies' use of gifts from the public.

YOUR TWO ARTICLES ON "GIVING" were quite interesting. Whether by intention or not, you seem to be consistently reminding the nation that it does sometimes matter how a buck is made. I hope your questions about the "giving" industry will have the same eventual result as your questions about the drug industry a few months ago.

ROGER REGER
Plymouth, Michigan

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—NSF

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Into a new environment outside earth's atmosphere, and, en route, through terrestrial extremes of heat and cold by way of preparation. The choicest test ground on the planet is the land and water surrounding the southern pole. Many scientific studies of Antarctica took place during the International Geophysical Year of 1957-58, but they were splinter operations, seldom with any planned relation to each other or to the brooding mystery of the coldest and driest spot accessible to man. Recently the National Academy of Sciences issued a special report on Antarctic research, focussed on the need for inter-disciplinary exploration and experiment. The National Science Foundation responded by working up a separate program of Antarctic science. Chief Scientist for the program is Dr. Albert P. Crary, the first human to set foot at both the north and south poles.*

By ALBERT P. CRARY
NSF Chief Scientist for the Antarctic

THE Antarctic Ocean is a unique frontier in the present stage of man's endless search for knowledge. No other body of water on earth extends around the whole circumference of the planet. This ocean provides the only communication among the other great waters which together cover almost three-fourths of the globe: the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Indian Oceans, and here the ocean tides develop and spread northward. Because of its peculiar position, the Antarctic Ocean influences the climate of every land known to man. Although these waters are a formidable barrier isolating Antarctica from lands to the north, flora and fauna have developed and thrived on Antarctica and must either have crossed by some unknown means or developed independently on the now ice-covered continent.

The first systematic exploration of this mysterious area will begin next month. A floating laboratory financed by the National Science Foundation will carry a civilian crew of forty-seven and a working force of thirty-two scientists and technicians from a dozen United States universities and government agencies on a sawtooth course from the southern tip of South America to wherever it may be that the ice becomes too thick to penetrate, then westward across the front of the ice for 125 miles and north again in a cruise of six weeks duration. After a short stop for rest and re-supply, the ship will sail west 125 miles, run south to the ice margin, cross the front of the ice for 125 miles, and return north for another rest period. This is a research expedition, however, and operational planning along a set pattern will not preclude unscheduled stops or special attention to follow up interesting discoveries and developments as they occur.

On each trip south and each trip north, special attention will be paid to the Antarctic Convergence, where the cold water from the south sinks under the warmer waters of the subtropical oceans. This turbulent boundary completely surrounds the Antarctic land mass, north of the outermost fringe of the pack ice, which covers 3,000,000 square miles of water around the Convergence and Antarctica proper. Always found somewhere between the 50th and 60th parallels, the Convergence moves back and forth from one season of the year to another, moving north as the ice breaks up and melts in the spring and moving south for the winter freeze-up. In times past, when the continental ice increased or diminished, so must the Convergence location have changed. These ancient locations will be sought from evidence left in sediments on the ocean floor.

The Russians have concentrated their oceanographic research of the Antarctic waters in the southern Indian Ocean with their famous oceanographic vessel *Ob*. They have reported a zone 120 miles wide rich in fish and supporting sea-life. They netted several thousand fishes, identifying seventy-five species of fifteen families. Among their catch, they have said, were some rare specimens with "white" blood.

The Russian work suggests the enormous possibilities of this constantly overturning water. Answers to some fascinating questions are hidden there.

How do the fish manage to survive such a cold environment? Do they possess a more efficient method of converting energy into growth? If so, can we learn what the mechanism is, how it works? What do the Antarctic fish feed on, and how is the supply distributed? Is there a fish fauna that lives under the ice immediately surrounding the Antarctic continent?

We have found some Antarctic antibiotics in the digestive tracts of penguins and other birds, and have related these to properties of the plankton upon which they feed. How extensive are these organisms? Do they differ in any important respects from the antibiotics of gentler climates?

Seventeen species of sea birds are known to breed in Antarctica. At least one species appears to be guided in its travels by a built-in radar. Others have glands in their noses that can extract salt ten times as efficiently from sea water as the same task is performed by the kidneys. Are there, perhaps, even more marvelous devices that evolution has installed without our knowledge? Is there, for example, something special about the feather structure of these birds that keeps them warm in the coldest and driest air on the planet?

Our American research vessel for the Antarctic, the *Eltanin*, cannot match the elaborate equipment aboard the *Ob*. But the $1,500,000 NSF appropriated to convert the *Eltanin* (named after a navigational star of the constellation Draco in the far northern sky, a fitting recognition of her original 1957 assignment to supply remote radar stations in the Arctic) has been profitably spent. The ship is not designed to ram heavy ice, but it has been strengthened to withstand all but the heaviest pack ice. She is 688 feet long, with a full load displacement of 3,886 tons. Dr. Alan T. Waterman, NSF's director, has rightly described her as "a full Antarctic research station, afloat." Where her cargo holds once were, there are now laboratories of marine biology, meteorology, upper atmosphere physics, and hydrology—all located conveniently to the living cabins of the scientists, whose comfort afloat will be somewhat enhanced by stabilizing tanks designed to minimize the *Eltanin's* roll.

Winches are installed on deck to lower coring instruments that will bring up samples of the floor of the sea. Other winches will suspend bottles and thermometers to

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easure the temperature and salinity of the water at various epths, and put off buoys to study the movement of currents om the surface to the bottom. There is a site for inflating eather balloons and launching them into the atmosphere, dio and radar antenna to scan the sky beyond the balloon's ach.

The entire chain of sea life, from plankton to seals and hales, will be examined on the *Eltanin's* inaugural cruise scientists from the Lamont Geophysical Observatory of olumbia University and from the University of Southern alifornia. Airborne insects will be collected by the Bernice Bishop Museum of Honolulu. The motions of the sea will nalyzed by another Lamont group, and this work will correlated with U.S. Weather Bureau studies of the atosphere; ultimately, the hope is to confirm theoretical odels of interaction of sea and air in the only place on e globe where both water and air circulate freely around e planet and to determine the effects of these elements conditions in the northern areas. Texas A and M Research undation will measure the distribution of calcium carnate and dissolved carbon dioxide at various ocean depths determine variations of saturation level from the equator ward the poles. This is an unmatched opportunity to lve another mystery that may be crucial to the stability of esent day climates—the effect of the constant pouring of n-made carbon dioxide into the air we breathe.

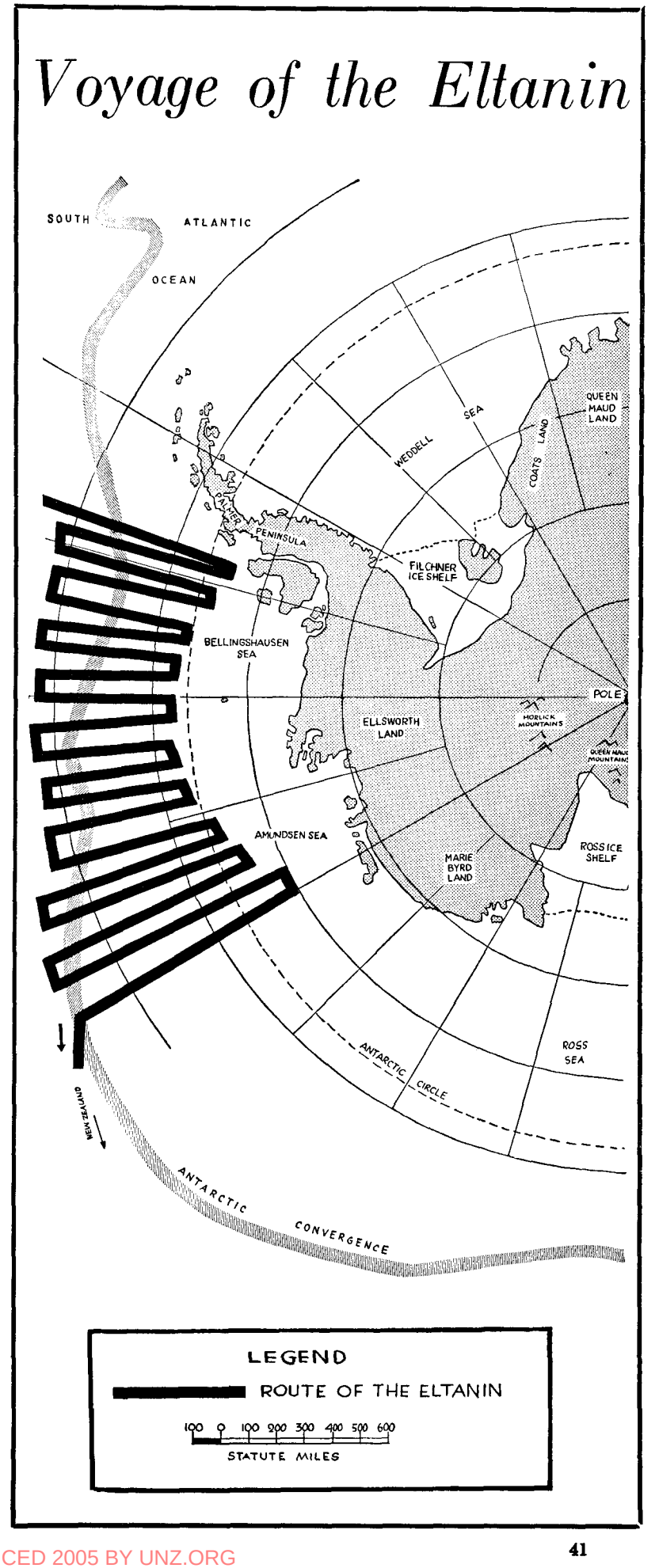
F the Antarctic continent ever becomes habitable to man, e habitations almost certainly will lie in the regions of y and ice-free land which are being discovered with inasing frequency as exploration of the continent proeds. Being a water-borne laboratory, the *Eltanin* will not directly concerned with that problem. But it will be inested in the broader geological background of Antarctica, d Florida State University workers will attempt to deterne what underlying structural connections there may be tween the Antarctic and South America.

There is at least one major "hole" in the earth's magnetic ld in the ocean area north of Antarctica. Men from the lar Research Center of the University of Wisconsin will ok into it and other aspects of south polar magnetic and avitational fluctuations.

The sky above Antarctica may be one of the two polar oats man can cross in safety to avoid the great Van Allen lts of radiation en route to interplanetary space. We must rn everything we can about this cosmic vestibule, and the *anin* will contribute knowledge from several directions. nford University scientists will experiment with reception the low frequency radio waves that travel thousands of les into space along the lines of terrestrial magnetic force d then return to the opposite end of earth. Workers from Boulder Laboratories of the U.S. Bureau of Standards l test the range and variability of radio noises both cosmic d terrestrial. Displays of the southern aurora, which is ieved to arise from exchanges between atmospheric pares and solar particles bent by earth's magnetic field, will ecorded with a special photometer from the University Alaska that will single out the specific radiations caused excitation of oxygen and nitrogen particles in the air. d cosmic ray counters from the Bartol Research Foundion in Swarthmore, Pa., will maintain a watch on incomhigh energy cosmic particles.

All the research projects named here will be carried out ler grants from NSF. They will interlock through another F grant to Texas Instruments, Inc., of Dallas, which will aboard the *Eltanin* a crew of six to operate the winches, the electronics lab and machine shops, and do routine lecting for the oceanographers.

Command of the ship itself will rest with Captain Sven lberg, of Rye, N.Y., a veteran of the U.S. Navy's Military Transportation Service.



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SCIENCE IN BOOKS

THE RUSSIAN TRAGEDY

One-Third Fewer Candidates For Learning

THE National Science Foundation has recently published, through the Superintendent of Documents of the U.S. Government Printing Office, an important new book on education in the Soviet Union. The volume includes 900 pages of findings of three years of research by Dr. Nicholas de Witt, an associate of the Russian Research Centre at Harvard University and of the Office of Scientific Personnel of the National Academy of Sciences. The work brings up to date an earlier study by Dr. de Witt that NSF published in 1955, and will inevitably be used—as the 1955 analysis has been used repeatedly—to intensify the American people's already exaggerated fear of Communism.

The first four paragraphs of the NSF announcement of the book read:

"A major analysis of Soviet education published today by the National Science Foundation indicates that the Soviet Union is producing two to three times as many scientific and technical professional graduates yearly as the United States.

"Further, Soviet production of science and engineering professionals is seen as accelerating throughout the 1960s, reflecting the total Soviet commitment to developing science and technology as economic and political weapons of the state.

"The extent of the orientation in Soviet higher education toward science and technology is measured by the fact that about 57 per cent of all 1959 graduates at the bachelor degree level were in engineering, sciences, and selected applied science fields (compared with 24 per cent in the U.S.).

"The professional instruction provided these graduates, though extensive in fundamentals of sciences and engineering, was found to be directed toward narrowly defined specialities with the main purpose of equipping the individual student to perform a specific job."

Toward the bottom of the second page of the NSF announcement, listed second among "some . . . highlights of the study," is the primary fact on which all the other facts and interpretations in the de Witt report depend.

This fact is that loss of Russian life in World War II so decimated Soviet human resources that in 1959—fifteen years after the Hitlerite invasion was finally repulsed—the number of Russian schoolchildren ranging downward in age from 17 to 8 years is almost one-third less than it was in 1939, the year Hitler set his Nazi armor rolling to conquer the world.

The American people, taken as a whole people, are unconscious of this staggering tragedy. If they had experienced it, would they be any less apprehensive than the Russians are today over the re-arming of Germany? The uproar over the relatively minor threat of Castro's Cuba to the North American continent can leave little honest doubt about the answer.

PERHAPS even more important in the long view of human affairs is the possibility that if the American people could see—through an open-minded reading of Dr. de Witt's book—the larger implications of Russia's wartime population loss, it might be understood that not every Russian act is necessarily aggressive, that the weight of manpower balance is not so lopsidedly in favor of the Soviet as is so often claimed, and that America consequently could sleep easily at night without all the secrecy and militarism and Communist Party scares our traditional freedoms are now wrapped in.

As opposed to the way in which this fundamental piece of information was minimized in the NSF announcement of Dr. de Witt's book, Dr. de Witt's own text forthrightly proclaimed the Russian war deaths to have a determining effect on Soviet educational policy.

"The author's basic proposition," he wrote, is that what is now happening in the Soviet school system "is largely a response to needs and forces generated by and within the Soviet economy. . . . This, of course, is not to deny that political, ideological, and social factors also played a part . . . but it is to maintain that the moving forces stemmed from the economy and more specifically from its problems in the area of trained manpower supply.

"The sharp drop in the birth rate caused by the wartime losses affected the school age population throughout the 1950s and its effects are now carrying over into the working age population and will continue through the 1960s. . . . The labor force of working age population (15-59) will *not* increase appreciably during the current seven-year plan. The situation will ease only toward the end of the 1960s."

In support of this point, Dr. de Witt cited Russian census figures. For 1939 these revealed a count of 48,302,000 children between the ages of 8 and 17 years. For 1959, the count in the same age bracket was 33,742,000.

DETERMINED to continue building Russia in spite of this enormous handicap, the Soviet planners have turned the country's primary and secondary schools into training centers for skilled labor, ready for employment immediately upon graduation from their equivalent of the American high school. Continued education is encouraged, but through correspondence courses. Thus the work essential to a growing economy gets done and the government saves the cost of maintaining the students during this added learning time. Only the best minds are allowed to burden the state with the expense of graduate education. In return, the state demands emphasis on science in keeping with the Communist belief that science is the wave of the future.

Science in this context must be understood to mean especially engineering (where the Russians now graduate three times as many from college as the Americans), farming (where the Russian-American ratio is five to one), and medicine (four new Russian physicians for every one new American doctor).

In other scientific disciplines such as chemistry, physics, mathematics, geology, biology, United States colleges graduate 1.6 as many as the Russians. In the social sciences, the arts, business and the law, the United States output is 2.9 that of the Russian.

Overall, Dr. de Witt says the education of the Soviet citizen lags one to three generations behind that of the American citizen.

What does Dr. de Witt make of it all?

To me, the most significant sentence in his book is this one: "This [Soviet] type of one-sidedly scientific and technical education, producing specialists who are little interested in human and ethical values, apparently is considered to provide the most suitable and pliable kind of manpower for running the affairs of the Communist State."

The lesson is plain.

We in America ought to be making more use of scientific disciplines concerned with teaching men how to live with their fellows. —J.L.

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DO THE MOUNTAINS OF EARTH COME FROM THE MOON?

Tides Generated in the Planet's Crust by Lunar Pull Are Suggested as the Force that Piles Up the Rocks

By RAY WOODRIFF
and MARJORY GOERING

WE WOULD like to offer a speculation that may startle some of our fellow geologists.

It has to do with the moon's effect on planet earth.

Everyone knows that as the moon passes around the earth, the pull of lunar gravity acts on the water in the oceans to create the flow and ebb of tides.

Not so widely understood among laymen, but accepted among scientists who study the earth, is the pull of the moon on the rocks in our planet's surface. The crust of the earth billows and swells gently in the wake of lunar passage. Waves run from five to fifteen inches tall.

What we should like to suggest is that these waves, through repetition, may in time wrinkle the earth's surface, pile up the rocks, and gradually build the mountains.

How do we suppose this happens?

The rocks of the earth consist essentially of crystals. Crystals are composed of ions—electrified fragments of molecules—held in fairly fixed positions. Although their motion is not evident to the eye, the ions are in a constant state of agitation due to heat. Especially at high temperatures, there is some shifting of ions from one position to another. Ions in the center of a crystal can move only when void spaces or defects are adjacent. Ions on the surface of a crystal are less restricted in their opportunity to move.

As the moon passes over the crust of the earth, the solid rock of the crust bulges outward, placing the upper surface under relative tension. Holes open between crystals and within crystals. Ions diffuse into these holes.

As the crest of the lunar tide passes, the upper surface of the earth's crust is released from tension and goes into compression. Ions that shifted in the meantime are trapped in their new locations, thus thinning and broadening the crust of the earth infinitesimally.

Later, the earth's crust begins to bend in the opposite direction in response to the moon's pull on other points of the planet. Then the holes between the crystals and within the crystals appear on the underside of the earth's crust. Then the trapped ions diffuse into those holes.

Every time the moon passes, this process is repeated and the earth's surface each time is expanded and thinned just a little bit more. The thrust of the expansion accentuates arcs of weakness here and there in the planet's spherical shell. The crust wrinkles, folds, and slips, causing earthquakes and freeing energy through the vents of volcanoes. When the wrinkles and folds grow sufficiently pronounced in the course of millions of years, we recognize them as mountains.

We can call upon the laws of physics to support this new theory of mountain building if it can be shown that rocks have a greater tendency to assume permanent deformation, or to creep, under the tension of the moon's pull than they do in the compression that follows passage of the lunar tide. What scientific evidence is there on this score?

We find that very little research has been done. Creep in rocks themselves apparently has not been measured. Creep in several pure metals has been found to be approximately the same under tension as under compression. However, a rock-like mixture of metal and ceramic, titanium carbide (Kennametal K 162B), at 1,800 degrees Fahrenheit was found to creep 300 to 400 percent more under tension than under compression. Another rock-like mixture, common cement, creeps about one and a half times as much under tension as under compression. As far as we are aware, these are the only comparative creep measurements that have been made on anything comparable to rock.

In absence of more conclusive evidence in this direction, we may take an alternate approach to the problem. This approach begins with a lack of justification for assuming that the earth is perfectly elastic. If the earth is not perfectly elastic, the crust must either shorten or lengthen when it is flexed by the moon's passage unless the deviations from perfect elasticity are exactly the same under tension as they are in compression. Since rock is made up of different kinds of material with different tensile and compressive strengths, an exact match in deviations is not likely.

Let us suppose for a moment, then, that the mountains are raised by a shortening of the earth's crust. At one time, this was the general assumption, based on a belief that the crust was rigid and that the earth's interior was cooling. More recently, it has been established that nuclear energy constantly is being released within the planet about as fast as heat energy is escaping from earth's surface. But let us consider the old, if somewhat discredited, idea anyhow.

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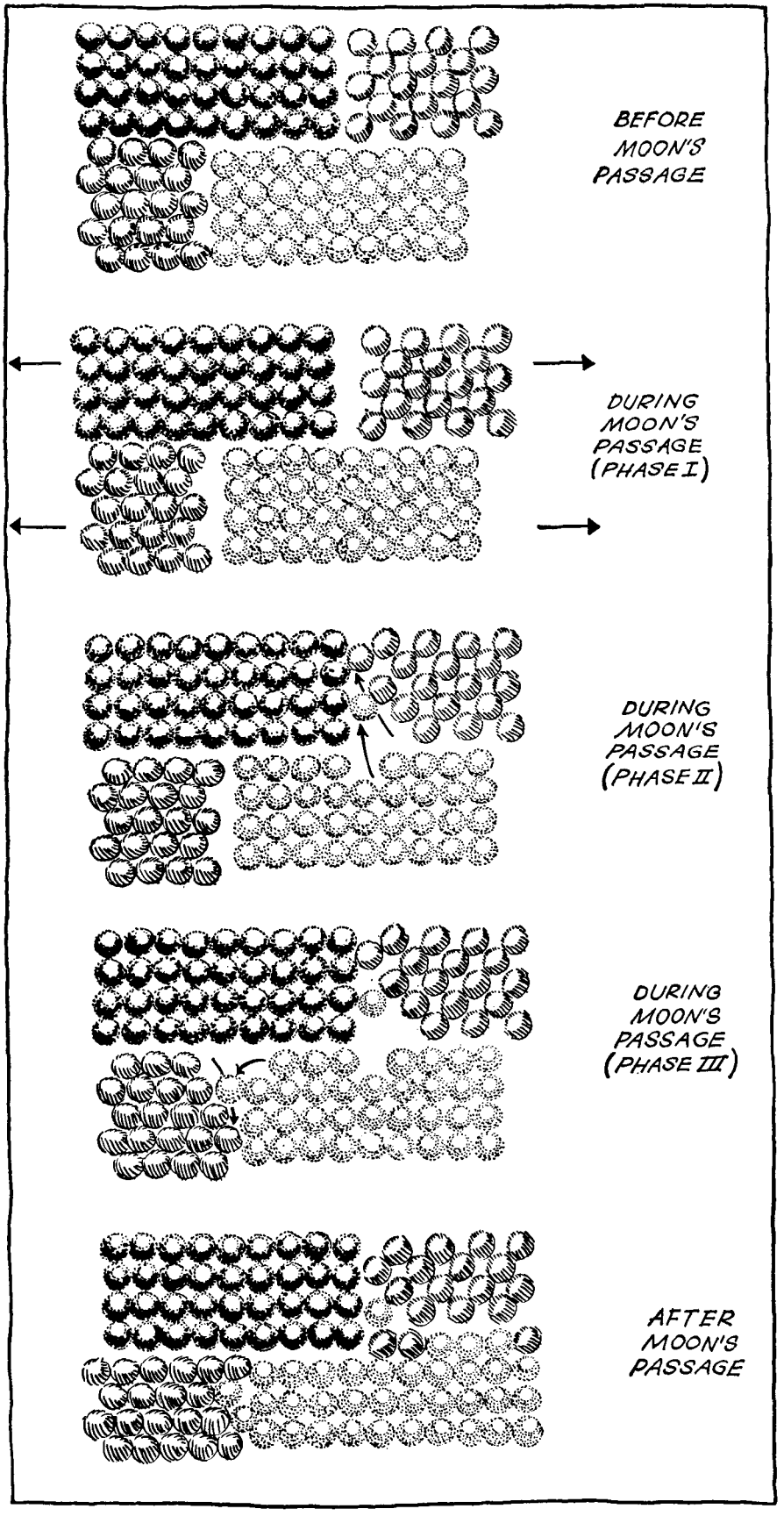
BEFORE MOON'S PASSAGE
DURING MOON'S PASSAGE (PHASE I)
DURING MOON'S PASSAGE (PHASE II)
DURING MOON'S PASSAGE (PHASE III)
AFTER MOON'S PASSAGE

—*Doug Anderson, following author's drawings.*

MOVEMENT OF IONS WITHIN CRYSTALS OF ROCKS in earth's crust is sketched above as authors of new mountain-building theory postulate its occurrence. Each group of balls symbolizes a crystal. Each ball is a symbol for an ion. Normal structure of crystals appears at top. Then moon's pull draws crystals away from each other. As space between crystals grows large enough to take in ions, the latter move into the space. Moon passes, then, and ions are locked in, first at crystal's top, then at bottom. Final result: thinning.

Let us suppose that earth's crust is wrinkled by a process of shrinkage.

How much shrinking would have to occur to account for the presence of earth's mountains? As far as we can tell, new mountains are forming about as fast as old ones are wearing down. What is the magnitude of this equilibrium? James Gilluly estimated in 1955 that roughly eleven cubic miles of soil and rock are carried off the continents into the oceans each year. The crustal shell from which this material is washed is thought to average about three and a half miles in thickness. If we consider this thickness as a constant, we can compute the change that would have to take place in the earth's radius in order to produce the amount of material needed for mountain-building.

The calculations follows the usual formula employed in trigonometry to determine the volume of a sphere from the radius of the sphere. Of course the earth is not a perfect sphere; hence it has several different radii. So we take an average radius and compute from it, as illustrated in the sketch on page 46.

What we find is that if the mountains were formed as a by-product of a cooling and shrinking planet, the circumference of the earth would have to decrease by three and a half inches per year. This would entail a shortening of earth's radius by about half an inch per year. Such a shrinkage is entirely too great not to have been noticed.

Now let us suppose a contrary state of affairs. Let us suppose that the earth's crust is stretched by the lunar tides. If that is true, we can make some more calculations if we first assume (1) that the lunar tides rise plus or minus five centimeters (2) that the earth is a sphere and behaves as though it were rigid to a depth of 360 miles and (3) that the earth's radius is approximately 3,950 miles.

Counting two lunar tides a day for 354.33 days, we get in one year a total elongation of the circumference of the earth amounting to 100 feet. If we count one percent of this elongation as being retained in the form of permanent deformation, the annual increment of the crust is one foot. If the deformation is only one tenth a percent, the annual contribution of the lunar tides towards the building of the mountains would be a little more than an inch. Statistically, the agreement between these figures (an inch and a foot per year) for the expected crustal expansion from lunar tidal flexing and the expansion figures needed to account for mountain building (three and a half inches per year) seems adequate.

We believe this theory of mountain building may not only explain how the mountains came into being but may

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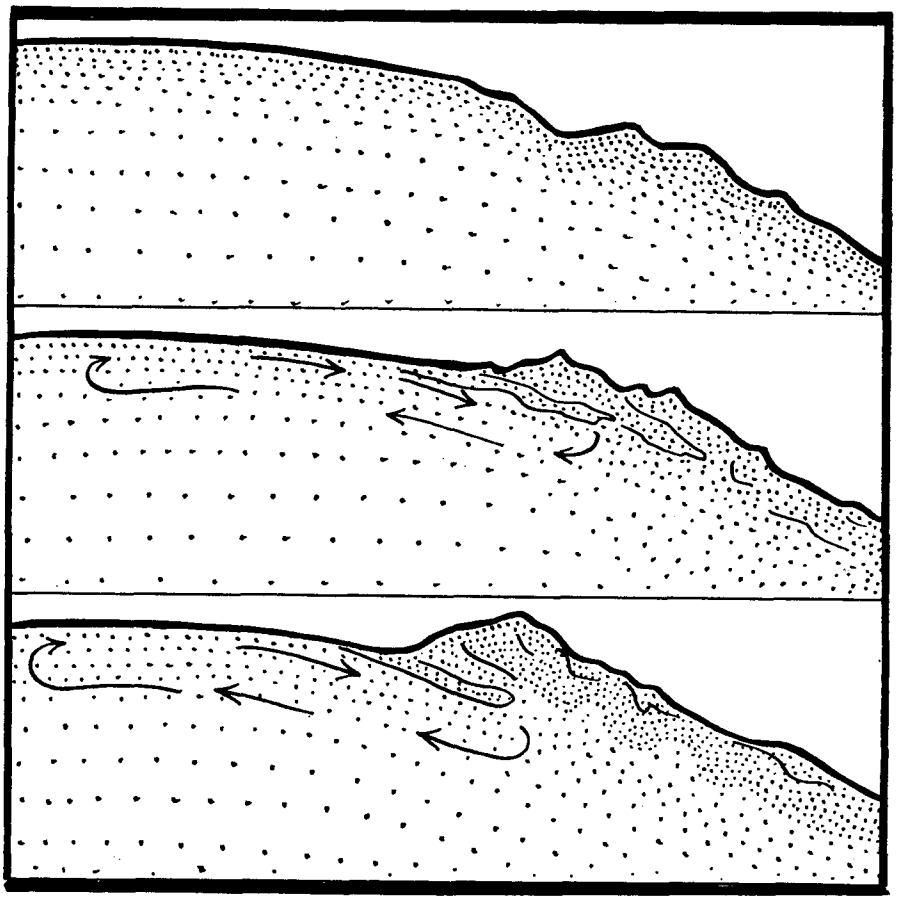
help explain the segregation of granitic materials of the earth into continental masses.

We first assume that the earth originally consisted of a protocrust of lighter granitic material gradually grading into denser and denser material with depth. Continuous flexing causes this crustal system to expand and thin. This in turn causes initial buckling of the earth's surface, resulting in belts where the crustal materials are thickened. In the upper or granitic layer, the thickening may be more or less permanent except for surface erosion. In the heavier basaltic layer beneath, the combined process of basaltic thickening plus increased granitic loading depresses the basaltic layer into a realm of considerably higher temperature, where softening of the root rock occurs.

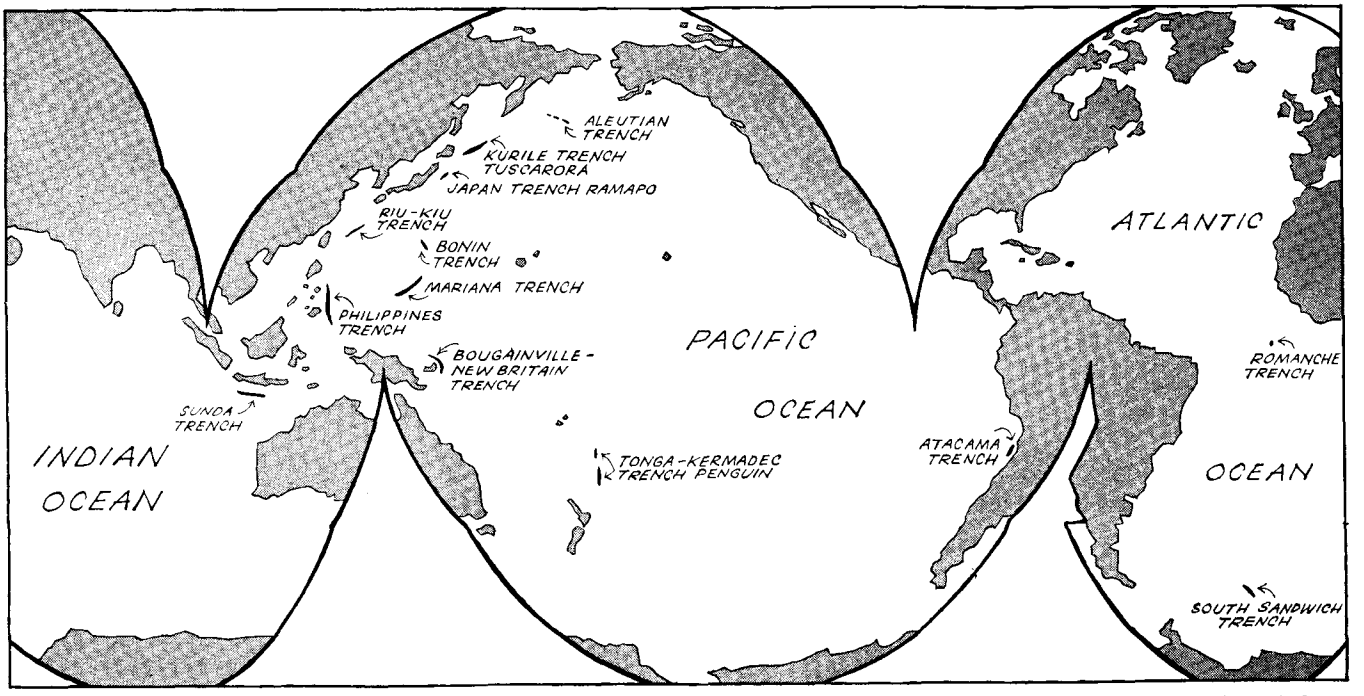
Answering to the demands of hydrodynamics, deep plastic return flow takes place toward the areas of granitic thinning. Thus the expansion of the crust provides the necessary stresses to set up a slow cycle of basaltic flow from the low areas of the earth's surface toward the mountain areas and back through the semi-plastic deeper layers and upwards to the areas of low relief again.

Such a cycle would tend to raft the remaining granitic materials away from the ocean basin areas and pile them up against the continental margins with concomitant underthrusts, folds, and granitic thickening. Viewed in another way, once initial granitic thickening takes place, the site at which it occurs becomes the focus for further granitic accumulation and the development of a continental platform with peripheral or-



—Doug Anderson, after author's drawings.

WRINKLES IN THE EARTH'S CRUST form and deepen under influence of the moon if new theory of mountain-building described here is correct. Sketches above show three stages of the process. First the appearance of wrinkles, with dips greater than rises because the downward thrust of earth's gravity is so much more powerful than the outward pull of the moon. Next comes intensification of folding from continued pulling and stretching. At last, after millions of years, there are mountains. Map below notes deepest trenches in ocean floors alongside island arcs where earth's crust weakened and crumpled.



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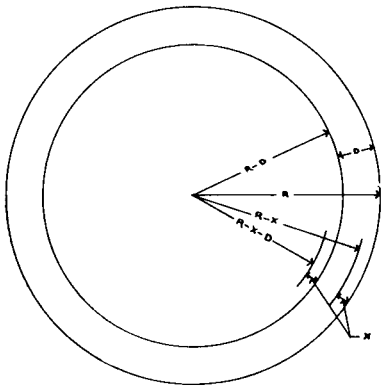
ogenic (mountain raising) zones. It will be noted that this theory has similarities with that proposed by David Griggs in 1939 but where he proposed motivation by deep thermal convection we are suggesting motivation by lunar tidal flexing.

THE PRECEDING ARTICLE is derived from a paper read at the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Denver, Colorado, last Christmas week.

Since geologists as a group tend to be bound rather tightly by tradition, conservatives among them probably will challenge the thesis. All the article's senior author asks is that the challenges rise from fact rather than from habit. He is professor of geology at Montana State College in Bozeman, and is no wild-eyed youngster. Born at Pueblo, Colo., in 1909, he has lived among or near mountains ever since. He obtained his doctorate at the University of Colorado after earlier study at Oregon State, the University of Oregon, and Colorado Agricultural College.

Professor Woodriff's co-author, Mrs. Marjory Goering, was one of his graduate students at Montana State College during the period in which his original speculation grew into a theory. She is now a housewife in Bozeman, as interested in science as a housewife's duties allow.

Professor Woodriff sees evidence for his mountain-building ideas in the location of the deepest known trenches in the sea bottom. These are found alongside island arcs where most earthquakes occur. It would be logical to expect such trenches to appear in the downward dips of crustal wrinkles; because of the pull of earth's gravity, they would fall deeper under the water's weight than the upward curves of the wrinkles would rise into the air.



FORMULA FOR MOUNTAIN building involves four ideal spheres as indicated above. Volume of each sphere equals 4/3 pi x r^3, r representing radius.

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LXXII

THE SOLAR WEATHER MAN

Scott Forbush

CAN you project yourself backward in time far enough to wonder who first noticed that clouds appeared in the sky before it started to rain?

Only if you can is it possible for you to think of Scott Forbush as people will think of him in the distant future when travel to the moon and earth's neighbor planets is commonplace.

For Scott Forbush was the first human to take notice that the steady bombardment of earth's atmosphere by cosmic rays from distant space suddenly diminishes at the time of a storm on the sun.

"The Forbush decrease," physicists today call this warning phenomenon, in honor of the man who pointed it out to his fellows in 1938.

In those days, "the Forbush decrease" was nothing more than a peculiarity of nature. The sun was 93,000,000 miles away, and no one worried overmuch about the solar weather. Since then the perspective has changed radically. President John F. Kennedy wants to land an American on the moon by 1970. The hurricane of particles that blows between the planets when the sun's face is stormy could easily kill a voyager.

"The Forbush decrease" cannot be detected in time—at least it cannot yet—to serve as a forecast of impending roughness on the electrical sea surrounding earth's atmosphere. But what Mr. Forbush first noticed is a clue from which a system of solar weather prediction ultimately may be found.

Scott Forbush himself is not impressed by his place in history. "Oh, dear!" he exclaimed when I asked him the other day how he came to detect "the decrease." "It happened so long ago!

"Hardly anybody was interested in cosmic rays then, but everybody who was interested kept saying the number of incoming rays was constant everywhere and all the time. That was because nobody had decent statistics on

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—*Carnegie Institution.*

Scott Forbush

them. Even well known physicists were doing silly things to make the count come out right. I was working on magnetism for the Carnegie Institution when I heard a German visitor talking about the nonsense. He got me started on statistical techniques to measure the absorbing effects of the atmosphere.

"My first paper in *The Physical Review* was on variations in the cosmic ray count in different parts of the world. Carnegie had counters in Greenland, near Washington, D.C., in Mexico, Peru and New Zealand. Luck had a lot to do with it. A Swede had made some very good observations during a period when the sun was quiet. I happened to pick a stormy time."

This courtly man with the white mane and gallant mustache might just as well be talking about himself as a cello player. "I'm a lousy amateur," he says of that role, which cannot be true because he often accompanies his wife, an accomplished pianist. Indeed, whatever Mr. Forbush does he does with flair, be it a choice of food or a manner of acclimatizing himself to foreign cultures while abroad. To make himself acceptable as a scientist in Peru, he became a fluent Spanish linguist.

It is only recently that physicists have learned why "the Forbush decrease" occurs. The reason is that solar storms sweep the earth with an expanding magnetic bottle (see SR/Research, Feb. 3) that deflects cosmic rays from the planet's path. Simultaneously, it was discovered that if a solar storm is severe enough, the magnetic bottle carries within it solar protons that reach the earth within an hour and strike with enormous force. The discovery reminded forgetful physicists that eight years after he observed "the Forbush decrease," in cosmic rays, Scott Forbush noticed that a much rarer and more sudden increase occurs in cosmic rays when weather on the sun is really foul.

—WILL JONATHAN.

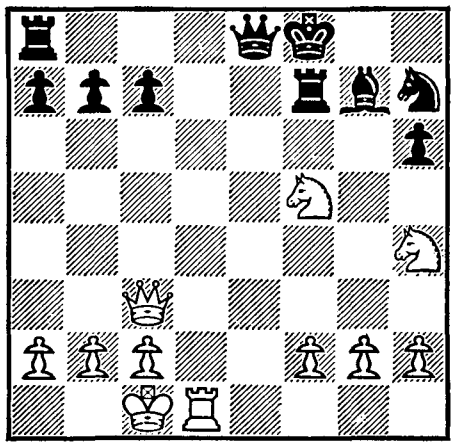
First of the Month

(*Continued from page 5*)

besides a regular author interview, an audience reading of his book. Viewers actually read two pages from the book typed on a moving screen and shown complete with background music by Bartok. The passage, selected by the author, was a description of a tenement hallway on the lower East Side—very moving, too.

• • •

Everywhere during the month the wrong Right continued to get so much attention on the part of so many people that we began to wonder why at least some of them didn't go back and reread their "True Believer," by Eric Hoffer. (Honestly, the longshoreman, with no schooling and blind up to the age of fifteen, said it all ten years ago.) As for ourselves, when we saw, driving in Indianapolis, a car in front of us bearing the simple sticker, I AM A CONSERVATIVE, somehow it seemed, at first anyway, in contrast to everything else we'd heard, rather sweet. Gradually, however (since we were late for a lecture), it seemed less so, and at last, as we tried to explain to the idiot when we finally passed him, he was driving on the left side of the street.



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(Continued on page 48)

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(Continued on page 50)

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(Continued from page 49)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1457

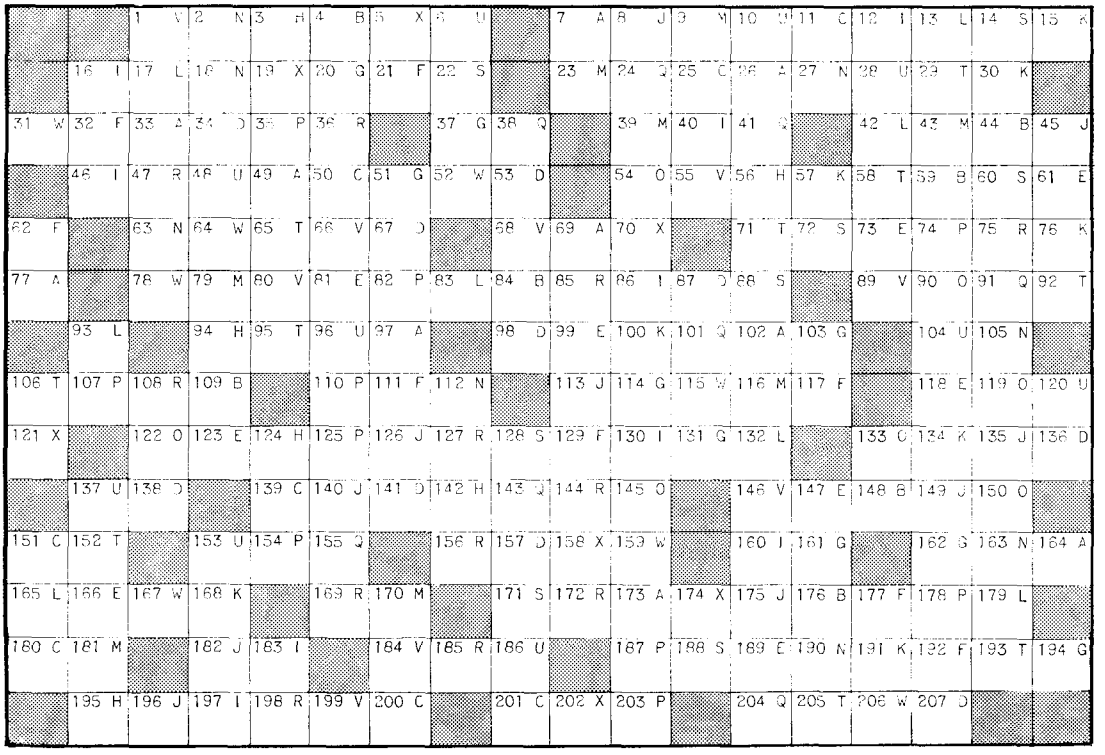
Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Pertaining to an interesting spinning device of three general classes: balanced, unbalanced, and Foucault.	97 77 69 49 7 33 102 164 26 173
B. Easy, smooth of utterance, glib.	4 148 176 59 84 44 109
C. Simple product of primitive art, as dist. from a natural object.	201 50 200 151 25 180 139 11
D. Any of several food fishes resembling a certain domestic animal.	136 67 141 53 98 138 34 87 157 207
E. Literary or scientific club.	166 81 147 61 123 189 99 73 118
F. Declining.	21 177 192 129 62 32 111 117
G. Not conforming to certain standards of manufacture or shape (comp.).	51 194 131 161 37 162 114 20 103
H. Followed by Word R, original title of the most popular of the novels of Dumas *fils* (2 wds.).	94 142 124 3 195 56
I. Replacing (2 wds.).	12 40 16 86 183 130 197 160 46
J. The "I spy" in fox hunting (2 wds.).	126 135 45 149 182 113 175 140 196 8
K. The abalone (2 wds.).	30 57 100 15 134 191 168 76
L. Sensational Broadway success (2 wds.).	132 13 93 42 165 17 83 179
M. *Instance of neglect.*	43 9 23 170 181 79 39 116
N. Prone (2 wds.).	105 163 190 2 112 18 63 27
O. The headlong rush which often follows Word J.	54 119 150 133 122 90 145
P. Generic term for any of many devices, from the old "speaking trumpet" to certain modern spectacle frames (2 wds.).	154 35 110 82 107 178 187 74 125 203
Q. Person often "hoist with his own petard," acc'g to Hamlet.	91 24 204 101 38 41 155 143
R. See Word H (2 wds.).	169 85 172 156 47 108 198 75 144 127 185 36
S. Garment frequently seen, not necessarily Revolutionary apparel (2 wds.).	60 14 128 88 188 171 22 72
T. Thundering; Cotton Mather's word for the preaching of his father Increase.	29 205 152 65 106 92 193 95 71 58
U. Kipling wrote a book about many such.	28 120 48 10 6 153 137 104 96 186
V. Display proof of battle wounds (2 wds.).	199 1 89 184 146 66 68 55 80
W. Man's name meaning gift of God.	52 64 159 206 78 115 31 167
X. Traditionally, someone to tell lies to.	158 19 70 5 202 174 121

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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